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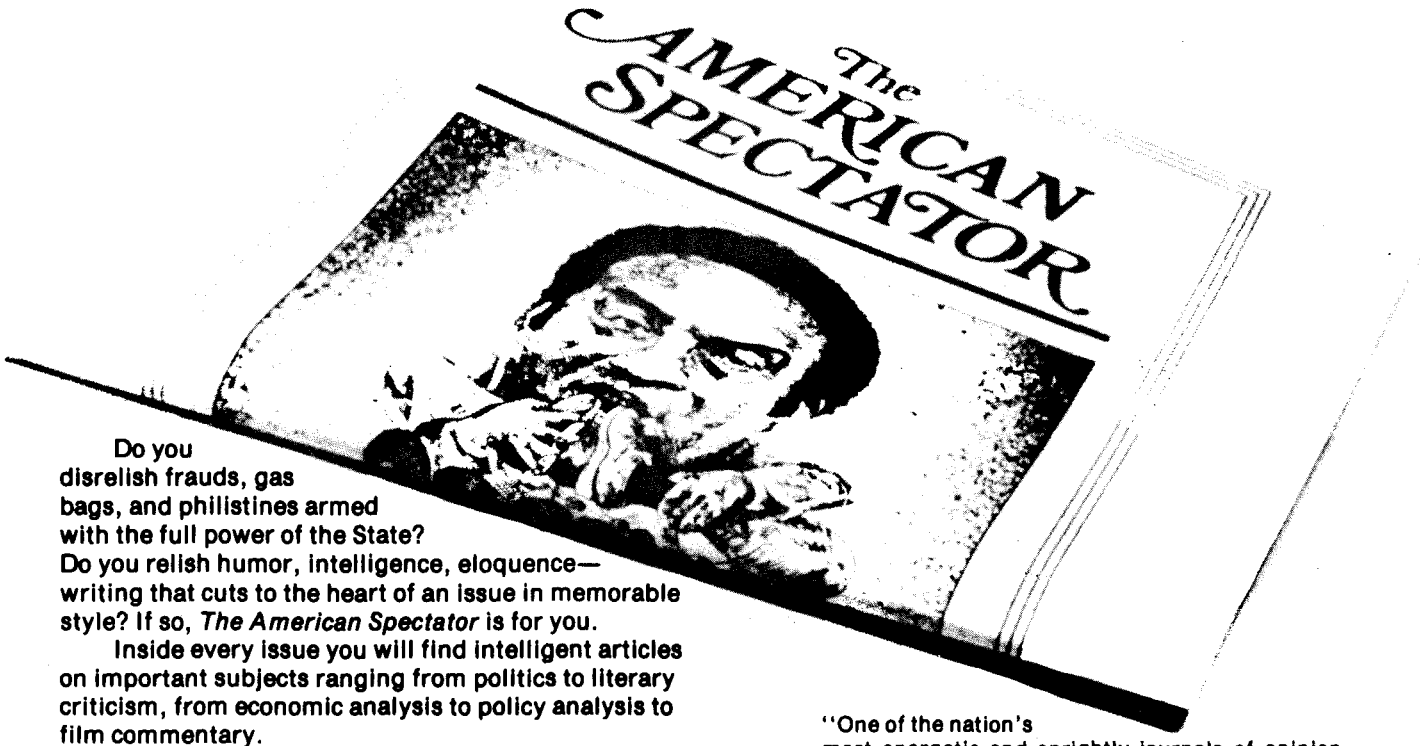

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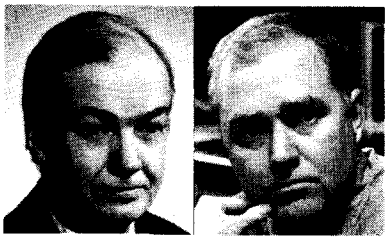

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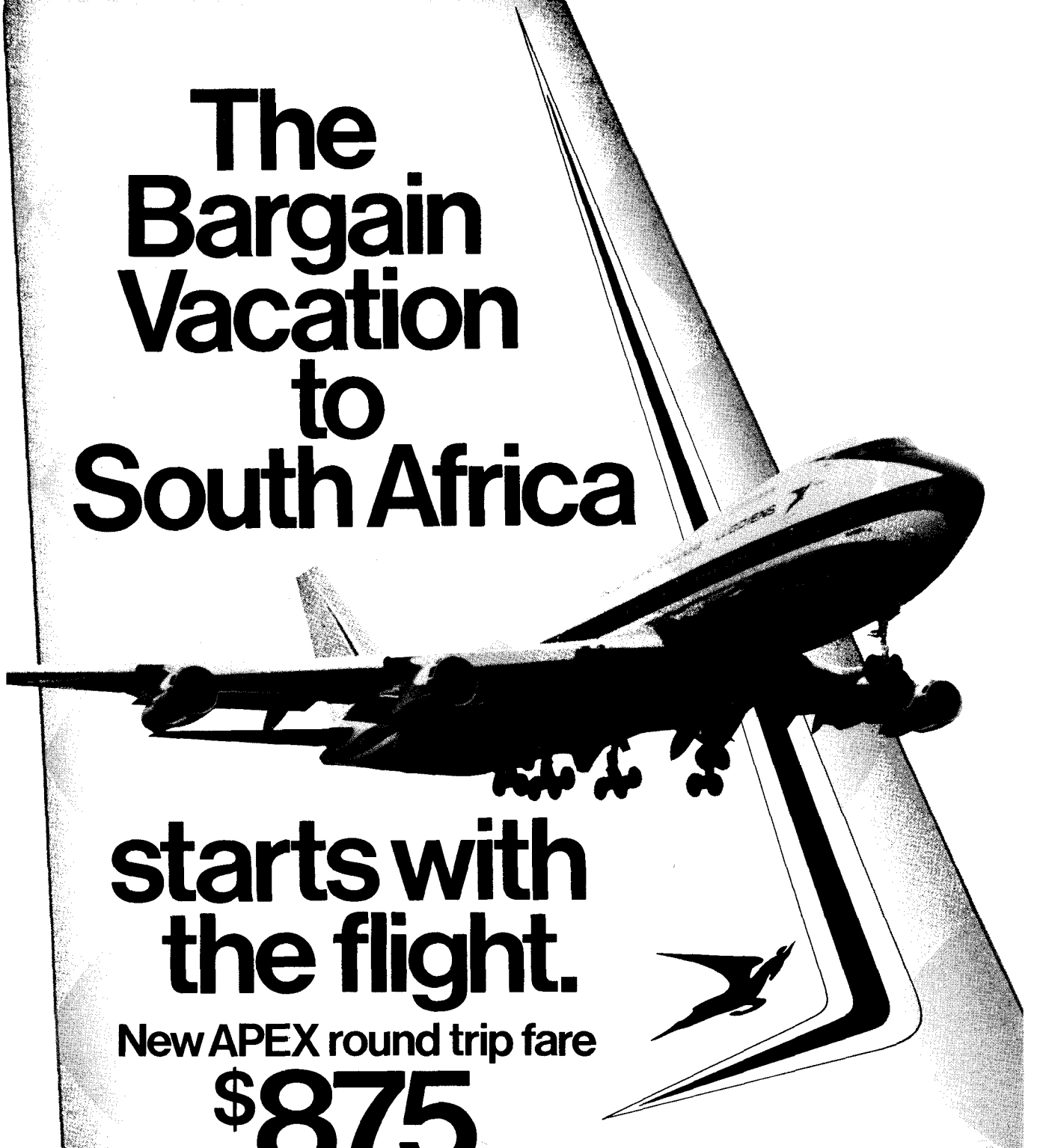

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Letters

Symbolic Tubas

I have studied your August 18 cover photograph several times now, and have compared it faithfully with Grover Rees's systematic demolition of the case for extending the ERA ratification deadline ["When the Voting Should Have Stopped"]. I have devised three interpretations of that chaotic band of tubas, each of them satisfying:

1. The tuba players are celebrating Mr. Rees's trenchant analysis, which should—if ERA advocates were not so quick to *overlook* the Constitution when it suits their purposes—be the last on the extension debate. No popular consensus exists any longer for the ERA, so the scoundrels are resorting to dirty tricks (e.g., economic boycotts with government support and disingenuous constitutional arguments).

2. The photograph was taken at the last ERA march on Washington. Instead of a complete marching band, the ERA supporters hired tubas, which demand more hot air and which resonate with a deep monotony. Nice symbolism.

3. Or you are hinting at the very large celebration we will all have when the ERA sinks completely out of our minds next March, seven years after it was proposed by Congress, and about five years after the American people decided it was an unnecessary—and potentially dangerous—addition to the Constitution. Mr. Rees has demonstrated that there is no case for postponing its demise any longer.

Rutland, Mass. T. ANTHONY PAGGLIOU

Today's Dred Scott

My congratulations to NATIONAL REVIEW and Professor Lino Graglia on an outstanding article on the Supreme Court's abuse of judicial power ["The Imperial Judiciary," July 21].

In my judgment, two of the cases he mentions, *Green* v. *New Kent County*, and *Keyes* v. *School District No. 1, Denver, Colorado*, are the leading examples of intellectual dishonesty from the Court in this century. The political harm effected by those two decisions in our time matches that of *Dred Scott* v. *Sandford*, in an earlier day.

Indianapolis, Ind. WILLIAM F. HARVEY
Dean
Indiana University School of Law

Boycotting Moscow

I am deeply disappointed by James Burnham's suggestion ["The Protracted Conflict," Aug. 4] that we boycott the 1980 Moscow Olympics.

As a former Olympic athlete and coach, I suggest that we: a) find more appropriate methods to counter the world Communist movement; b) honor the ideals of the Olympic movement to which we belong; c) respect the human rights of our amateur athletes by not barring their participation; d) encourage and support our athletes in their efforts to beat the pants off the Soviet athletes.

Is James Burnham, in effect, asking our Olympians to solve a political problem over which our elected and appointed officials are stumbling?

Middleton, Wis. BILL BAKKE

Recently on TV I watched a junior girls gymnastics competition from Japan. I saw a little 13-year-old American girl take an impressive second place. Watching her smiling face as she completed her last routine brought tears of pride to my eyes, the same tears that welled in my eyes as our national anthem was played while I marched with the U.S. Team at the opening ceremonies of the 1968 Games in Grenoble, France. Only this time I said to myself, "Must this sweet innocent child be the sacrificial lamb to atone for the sins of international politicians?"

Mr. Burnham's solution is a negative answer, an outright admission of defeat. The only logical pullout in Moscow 1980 is to "pull out" with more medals and records than the Soviets. That is what our athletes can do, but only if non-athletes such as Mr. Burnham will please step out of the way.

DeForest, Wis. DAVID A. NORBY

If James Burnham's admirable proposal that the U.S. team stay away from the Olympics in Moscow is not adopted, I suggest two fall-back actions:

1. Bearing in mind that $80 million is being paid to the Soviet government by the National Broadcasting Company, and that NBC expects to recoup more than this amount by selling advertising, I propose that if anyone watching the Olympics on TV is asked to report to Nielsen, or any other rating service, he exercise his prerogative and say that his set is tuned to some other program. If that is too offensive to the conscience, I leave it to each person to find another response which will not contribute to the profitability of NBC, whose charges to advertisers are based on the promised size of the viewing audience.

2. It is only prudent to assume that the Russians will not keep away from the lenses of NBC's cameras views which are

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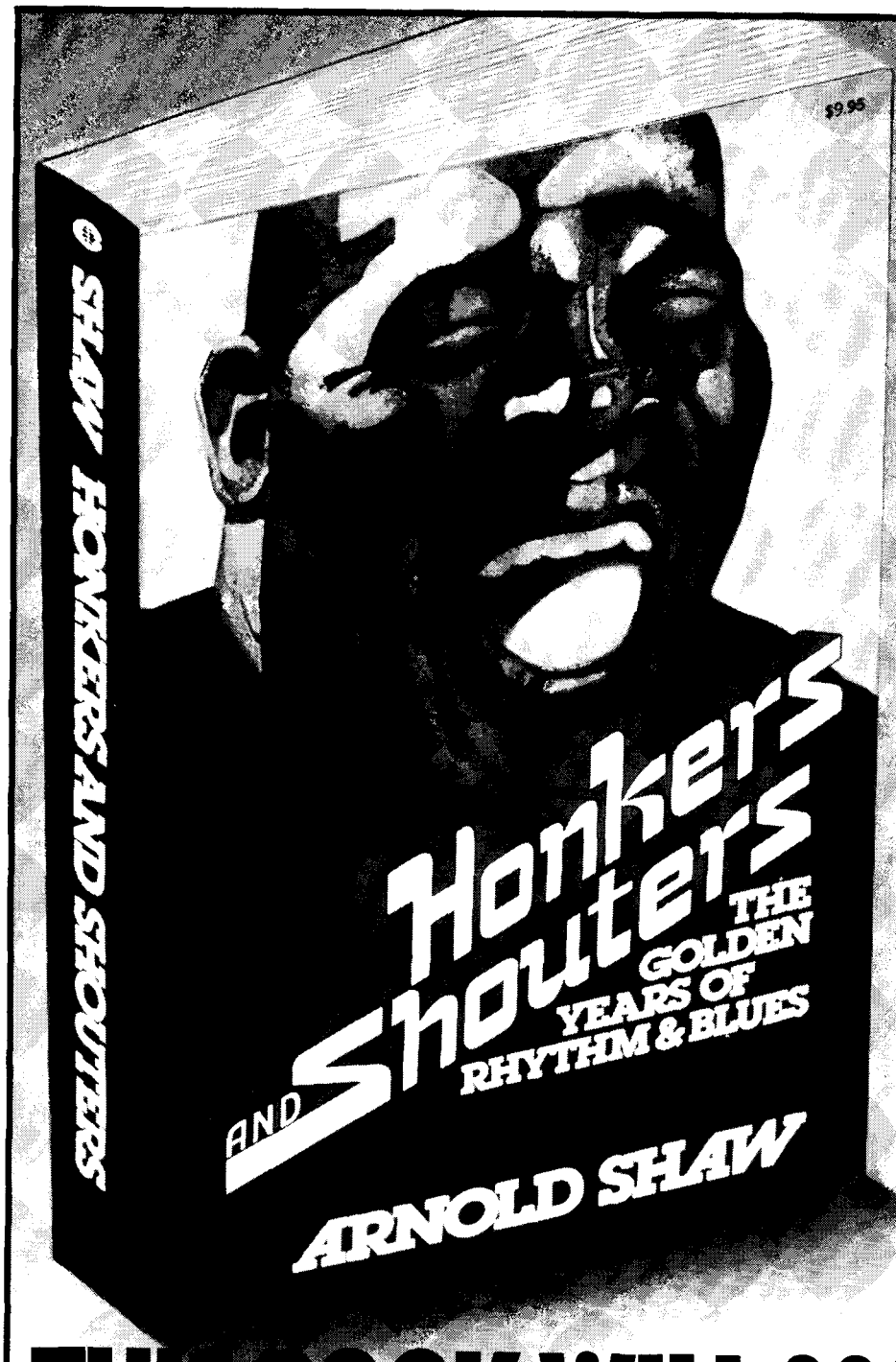

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carefully designed for propaganda purposes. Someone, or some group, carefully monitoring the Olympic telecast should be able to put before the Federal Communications Commission a strong case for "equal time."

Beacon, N.Y. MERLYN S. PITZELE

Upon This Rock

It is disappointing that Jeffrey Hart, in his discussion of John Murray Cuddihy's *No Offense* ["The Ordeal of Humility," June 23], can refer to the latter as "a stunning book, a great one," when it is at least partially built upon the assertion that Catholicism has undergone a *doctrinal* change regarding ecumenism—a patent error. The Decree on Ecumenism was promulgated by design on the same day as the Dogmatic Constitution on the Church (November 21, 1964), for it was to be read and understood within the framework of the latter.

The Dogmatic Constitution, much weightier incidentally than the Decree, points out that the Church established by Christ survives in the world today in its institutional fullness in the Catholic Church, although elements of the Church are present in other churches. The Catholic Church has always taught that the grace of God is available to all men of good will and conscience. Ecumenism in the Catholic Church is a new approach, a more pastoral one, to the problem of Christian disunity, but it is not a doctrinal change, nor does it affect the unique claim of the Church. Nor does the Catholic Church consider itself a denomination, let alone an American one. Neither did John Courtney Murray. It is significant that Pope Paul VI, in officially promulgating the documents of Vatican II, always signed them: I, Paul, Bishop of the Catholic Church. "*Ubi Petrus, ibi ecclesia*" still obtains, civility notwithstanding.

Nashua, N.H. REV. EDWARD E. BRACQ

Professor Cuddihy is a sociologist, and his focus is less on doctrine per se, *than on the actual behavior of Catholics in their relations with other religions. For example, the doctrine of birth control remains the same, but the practice has changed among laymen and confessors. Ecumenical* behavior *has doctrinal implications. I doubt that Father Bracq has read the book or appreciates its argument in paraphrase.* —JH

Revelations

Your treatment of the announcement of President Kimball's revelation ["The Week," July 21] was a disappointment to me, and I am sure to many of your Mormon readers. It has always been a central tenet of my political, if not religious, faith, that when the thunderbolts between the Lord and HEW start rolling, they will be moving from Heaven *downward*; and it is precisely this faith which infuses Mormons (and many non-Mormons as well) with hope for a better world. Mock not that which is sacred.

El Centro, Calif. CHRISTOPHER LARSEN

The comments on blacks and the Mormon priesthood are most disturbing. What makes your editors think that anyone at HEW talks to God and that even if someone did, He would listen? The President's assurances notwithstanding, religion appears to be lacking in the present Bourne-again Administration.

DOUGLAS P. LARSEN JR.

San Leandro, Calif.

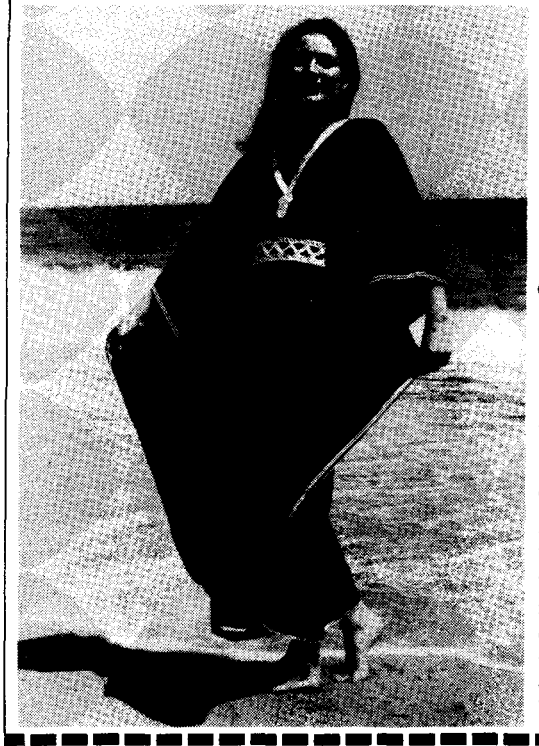
Solzhenitsyn's America

I agree with the manner in which you interpret, and deplore, the popular press's representations of Solzhenitsyn's Harvard speech [July 21], but I believe even you have not really gone to the heart of the problem he is attacking. A variety of commentators, from Tocqueville to Justice William O. Douglas (in a 1950 opinion), after viewing our country have stated in effect that our institutions presuppose a Supreme Being. Solzhenitsyn, while not saying this directly, deplores the fact that we have lost this anchor on our society and have therefore substituted the literal language of the law as our guide. We have substituted a prior age's devotion to principle with a social objective of seeing how much we can get away with.

Tocqueville, as I recall, decided that our democracy succeeded because the internal civil controls applied by autocratic monarchies were not needed, since we applied these controls voluntarily through our collective devotion to religious, and religiously derived, principles. What Solzhenitsyn is doing is reversing Tocqueville. He is saying: Because we have lost sight of the foundation of our true basis for freedom from state control, we are inviting an imposition of that control.

Sacramento, Calif. MICHAEL S. BARBER

The speech which Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn made recently at Harvard has precipitated lively discussion and comment. Some of your readers might be interested to know that a Solzhenitsyn Society, non-profit, non-sectarian, non-partisan, has been founded. Its sole purpose is to spread as widely as possible Solzhenitsyn's views about the enemies of freedom. The Advisory Council of the Society consists of distinguished scholars and public officials from the United States and Western Europe. Those who wish to obtain more in-



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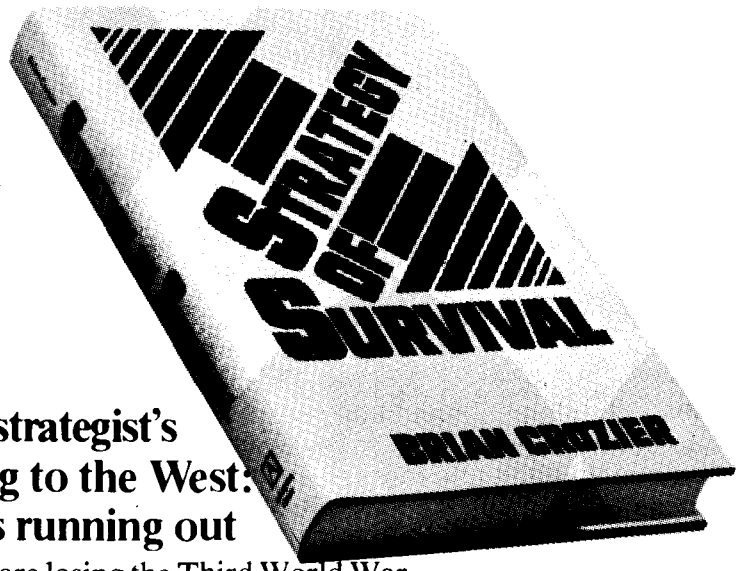

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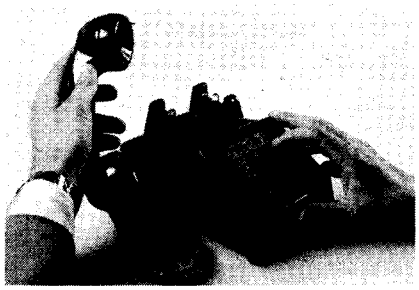

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Boulder, Colo. ELIZABETH H. MCPARLAND

Nothing New

With regard to the American media's response to the Ginzburg/Shcharansky trials ["The Week," Aug. 4]: Why the massive publicity for this particular incident, others of its kind being absolutely commonplace in the USSR?

Stanford, Calif. JOHN M. RODGERS

The Federal Vise

Roger Freeman should have mentioned ["Uncle Sam's Heavy Hand in Education," Aug. 4] that the states which are dependent on federal funding for higher education must often abide by federal rules or face elimination of college and university extensions in their states. Such is the case in South Dakota, where for the past eight years there has been a constant battle over financing the higher educational system. There are two alternatives. If South Dakota wants to keep its higher educational system intact, without losing an extension, then it can eliminate the tenure system, but must support its own programs—probably without federal funding—and eliminate waste in faculties and administration. If the state wishes to keep its federally funded programs, then it must retain its tenure system and convert to a single university system which means the loss of four out of its seven institutions.

This is a prime example of what can happen to a state that has a $21-million budget surplus and still finds excuses to receive federal funding.

Aberdeen, S.D. MARK SWEENY

Punch Lines

Your insensate act of carrying that *Punch* cartoon ["For the Record," Aug. 4] raised my blood pressure to the same height the Pole reached in that missile.

FRANCIS A. LUKASIEWICZ
Central Falls, R.I.

I suggest Andy Young's profile for the new "silver" dollar ["The Week," Aug 4]. There is no precious metal in either.

Carlisle, Pa. FRANK MASLAND

A Proposition

James Burnham ["The Protracted Conflict," July 21] perpetuates an erroneous interpretation of Proposition 13's effect on renters. The Burnham view is that since landlords are generally not given to magnanimity in rent setting, rents will remain unchanged as landlords greedily pocket Proposition 13's reduction in property taxes.

Fortunately for renters, however, price is determined by the market forces of sup-

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ply and demand, not by the liberality of buyers and sellers. If the property tax reduction is such a rip-off for landlords, we should expect a boom to occur in the construction of rental housing as more people enter into this newly profitable industry. With the supply of rental housing augmented, market pressures will bring rents downward, regardless of landlord liberality.

Admittedly it takes time for the new rental housing construction to reach the marketplace. But to argue that the renter is left out in the cold with property tax reduction is simply bad economics.

Muncie, Ind. T. NORMAN VAN COTT
Associate Professor of Economics
Ball State University

It seems the nation's government cannot understand the spirit of Proposition 13, though they do understand that the people are demanding something. What people want is not to be taxed at ever increasing rates. People want certain services (e.g., police, fire) untouched during governmental reorganization. The problem for the bureaucrat is how to maintain those services at less cost. But to the bureaucrat, administration is the highest priority.

What the people are saying is, "cut the fat." As we all know, most bureaucrats *are* the fat and yet they are assigned the task of eliminating waste in government. The people want decisions from higher authority. Mayors, governors, and presidents should decide what stays and who goes. We simply should not allow fat to determine what fat should be eliminated.

Napa, Calif. JAMES E. CLARK

Waffling Through

In the wake of the Bakke decision (or, more appropriately, non-decision) ["The Week," July 21], I suggest that, from now on, when referring to the Supreme Court, you call it The U.S. Waffle House.

Gulfport, Miss. HAROLD V. TOOP, AHC

Reborn Traditions

The currently popular derision of Christians who profess a "born-again" experience was carried to a new level of confusion by Malachi B. Martin ["Out of This World," July 21].

Mr. Martin's comments are symptomatic of the true malady of Christianity, which is the persistent proclivity of Christians to substitute a ritualized institutionalism for a personal relationship with Jesus, the Christ. The institution established by this Jesus was the Church, the body of his baptized believers. It should be the first word in Mr. Martin's proposed glossary.

The "huge dead joke" is the institution which would allow itself to become sacramental of itself. This is the institution which, having completely forgotten by Whom it was founded, of whom it is composed, and the great mission demanded of it by its Founder, has now nothing better to do than embark upon petty, do-good political projects.

Abbeville, La. TOXIE L. BUSH JR.

Malachi Martin is generally insightful about the tragedy of churches' forgetting the Gospel and becoming only social action groups, but he errs by either a semantic imprecision or a mistaken Scriptural interpretation. His comment on the "born-again experience" that "a Christian need never have that experience" runs directly counter to Jesus' words to Nicodemus recorded in the third chapter of the Gospel of John:

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. . . . Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again."

To be born again implies neither a big emotional experience nor an overnight change from publican and scoundrel to saint, although both happen in many cases. The essence is the turn away from living for self to living for God by His merciful love. By itself, baptism is of no value, as we see from Jesus' words in Mark 16:16—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

Pittsburgh, Pa. STEPHEN MCCONNEL

Malachi Martin's superb article is one of the more relevant statements on contemporary organized religion that I have seen in some time. The basic mission of the historic, institutionalized Church as the instrument of worship has indeed been overlooked in the great scramble for self-fulfillment, political consciousness, and bongo-drum liturgy. I recall, as a Carmelite seminarian in the middle 1960s, tramping the snowy sidewalks of Buffalo's inner city, taking census information, dispensing political and civic advice, wondering just what all that had to do with Catholic doxology.

Mr. Martin addresses a critically fundamental issue, and the clergy and laity at all levels of participation in denominational Christianity would do well to pay heed. The next time a pope attempts an ideological accord with the friendly neighborhood Marxist, I hope some courageous prelate reminds him that his job is pontiff, not politician.

Houston, Tex. B. C. ROBISON, DVM

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NR05

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FOR THE RECORD

■ The White House is letting its anger hang out. The *Washington Post* was informed President **Carter** was "absolutely livid" about attacks on him and his Administration by **George Meany** when the AFL-CIO Executive Council met a fortnight ago. Secretary of Labor **Marshall** later gave Meany a public dressing-down (which Labor Secretaries don't generally do to AFL-CIO heads). . . . A week later, Agriculture Secretary **Bergland** lashed out at certain Democrats in Congress for obstructing Administration programs and promised that (his phrase) "the bedwetters" would get their comeuppance after the elections. "We're going to let our so-called friends know that the fun and games are over. From now on it's serious business." (Enemies list, anyone?) . . . Meanwhile, the massacre continues in Congress. Speaker **Tip O'Neill** has put tax reform and a comprehensive energy program at the top of his political "must" list before adjournment of the 95th Congress—tentatively scheduled for Oct. 7. This means that such other high-priority presidential programs as civil service reform, airline deregulation, and hospital cost controls are dead. . . . **David Broder**, the astute *Washington Post* columnist, notes that what foreign policy victories Carter has gained—Panama, the jet plane sales, lifting the Turkish arms embargo—he owes in large part to the Republican leadership of **Howard Baker** in the Senate and **John Rhodes** in the House. Broder also points out that the Baker-Rhodes combo—and their well disciplined troops—have dealt the White House stinging defeats on such matters as the capital gains tax rollback, the Consumer Protection Agency, election-day voter registration, and various union-backed bills (common situs picketing, labor law reform).

Gurbutt, England — Rothco

"I'm fed up with playing cops and robbers. Let's play KGBs and innocents."

■ Will he or won't he (be a one-term President) is the "in" game on the Hill. **Jimmy** (the Greek) **Snyder** says the odds are 2 to 1 that Carter won't seek re-election, and 2 to 1 that, if he does, he won't make it. . . . A more sober appraisal was reached by Democratic Party leaders (state chairmen, senators, congressmen) polled by the *Christian Science Monitor*. They felt (3 to 1) that Carter would be re-elected, but when asked whom they would *like* to see run it was an almost even three-way split: Carter, 69; **Kennedy**, 60; somebody else, 57. . . . An AP/NBC poll indicates that one-third of those who voted for Carter in 1976 would not do so again; it found that among **Democrats** 50 per cent would like to see him run again, but 39 per cent would not.

■ On the Republican side, most commentators think that as of now **Reagan** could get the nomination if he wants it. But former Reagan strategist Sen. **Paul Laxalt** comments: "Last time Ron was the David taking on Goliath. This time he'll be cast in the Goliath role and there are a lot of Davids out there." . . . John Rhodes thinks Reagan has the edge because he has kept his campaign organization intact. . . . And columnist **Roscoe Drummond** says the GOP fight will be more generational than ideological. "The Republicans aren't going to choose any nominee to the left of the Party's political center, and its center will be conservative on tax-cutting, budget-balancing, deficit-spending, and leaning down on the Federal Government."

■ All in all, the first fortnight in August was a mixed bag for the ladies. The House voted the **ERA** extension, but the outlook for Senate passage is not good. . . . Of the two women senators, **Muriel Humphrey** is for the extension, **Marylon Allen** (Sen. **James Allen**'s widow) against, although she favors ERA. . . . In other ways it was not ladies' month. **Midge Costanza** took a dive from the White House basement, to which she had been relegated, into outer darkness (she resigned from the presidential staff). . . . **Betty Talmadge**, Sen. **Herman**'s ex, ran third in a three-way congressional race in Georgia, and **Cornelia Wallace**, Gov. **George**'s ex, pulled out of her gubernatorial race: no money, no support.

■ HEW has thought better of its threat to withdraw $850,000 in **federal funds** from the Bellevue, Washington school district unless the district promises hereafter to paddle as many girls as boys. Last year, thirty boys were spanked in Bellevue schools, and only two girls.

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THE WEEK

■ A small semantic milestone was passed in New Jersey on August 16, when the *Trentonian* editorially blasted senatorial candidate Jeffrey Bell's tax-cut proposal. Allowing people to keep their own money, growled the *Trentonian*, is a "giveaway."

■ The Senate has voted overwhelmingly—65 to 27—to allow tuition tax credits of up to $500 for college students. But it defeated, 56 to 41, the House's provision including private elementary and high schools in the credits. The latter vote was actuated largely by the argument that such credits would violate the separation of church and state—also the Administration's argument when the President threatened to veto any measure that would aid parochial schools. A pretty flimsy argument: it is hardly plausible to hold that public aid to private education is all right, so long as it discriminates against religious schools. That isn't the idea of freedom of religion embodied in the First Amendment. But common sense on this point has a lot of convincing to do.

■ Prominent sociologist and political writer Seymour Martin Lipset knows why the performance of the Carter Administration has been so dismal. Writing in the June/July issue of *The American Spectator* (née *The Alternative*) he identifies three root causes: 1) Carter's Transition Task Force was dominated by New Politics types who appointed themselves and their friends to important second-echelon posts throughout the bureaucracy. The result has been Sixties-style policy out of sync with the national mood, not to say reality; 2) Carter, in a PR ploy, appointed no White House chief of staff. Therefore the staff operation is unmanageably loose as well as of poor quality; and 3) Carter, with an engineer's approach to problem solving, does not know how to deal with clashing interest groups and rival constituencies or how to build a governing coalition. In short, Carter is in the wrong business and no political recovery seems likely for him.

■ The House has voted a 39-month extension for ratification of the ERA. What's more, it has voted *not* to allow states that have previously ratified to rescind during the extension. It may well be that they have the right to rescind anyway (as Grover Rees III argued in our last issue). Even if the Senate doesn't kill the proposed extension, the whole matter may be referred to the Supreme Court. Meanwhile, the ERA forces are trifling with the Constitution, the spirit of government by consensus, and the commonest notions of fair play. An Associated Press–NBC news poll shows that while most Americans favor ERA, a majority also opposes changing the ratification deadline.

■ It wasn't quite Edison and the light bulb, but researchers at Princeton did take an important step forward in the development of fusion power when they heated a hydrogen gas mixture to 60 million degrees centigrade, four times hotter than the interior of the sun. The whole thing was over in a half-second, but that was long enough to confirm they were on the right track. When a bigger and better test reactor is completed at Princeton in 1981, they hope to attain a temperature of 100 million degrees, sufficient to induce a self-sustaining fusion reaction—something that has yet to be done, early and overblown reports of the latest experiment notwithstanding. Fusion promises a limitless supply of electricity for the entire world, but even optimists don't think the first fusion reactor will be built before 2005; and commercial development isn't expected for twenty years after that. Which leaves nuclear fission power, if we can manage to get the okay of the snail darters.

■ Criminals used to run from the law; now they know better, and merely co-opt it. A convicted loan shark testified before the Senate Subcommittee on Investigations that he used the Freedom of Information Act to identify the informer who sent one of his friends up the river and to try to discover who had informed on him. As for the informer he did identify—from a single letter in the man's name that accidentally had not been deleted—well, said Gary Bowdach, "I don't expect him to be living anymore." Bowdach also used habeas corpus and other legal petitions, about 75 per cent of which he admitted had no merit, to harass police officers and prosecutors. "The general procedure now," said Al McCreight, the head of the Freedom of Information Office at the FBI, "is for a fellow to check into prison, get his greys [uniform], tin cup, and privacy act request forms."

■ Reporter Myron Farber of the *New York Times* has been sentenced to jail for contempt of court because he refused to turn over his notes on the Dr. X murder case. Mr. Farber's investigative reporting helped to reopen the case, and he gets high marks for integrity. Still, the notes were requested by the defense attorney to aid his client, who is charged with murder. There is no specter of government control here, just one man fighting for his life. The whole thing is further complicated by a New Jersey shield law which protects reporters from divulging sources—even in legal proceedings. A toughie, no? No, not for the press in these parts, which sees the

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sentence as a threat to America's Most Precious Heritage, namely, freedom of the press; and which has drawn its editorial wagons into the tightest circle since the Pentagon Papers case. *New York Daily News* columnist James Wieghart went so far as to accompany his steaming column on the subject with a box containing the First Amendment, suitable for framing. He neglected to include the Sixth Amendment, the one that guarantees a fair trial.

■ On July 20, after the particularly grisly murder of a number of white missionaries and their children in Rhodesia, the World Council of Churches froze an $85,000 grant it was about to make to the Patriotic Front. "I am not suggesting that the Patriotic Front is guiltless of excesses," said the Reverend Dwain Epps, a spokesman for the Council. "But it is certainly unclear which of the latest attacks on white missionaries have been attributed to them or to isolated groups of Africans living in a situation of excessive violence, or to the Rhodesian army." A month later, presumably after the divine revelations of Ambassador Andrew Young, the WCC pronounced itself satisfied and sent the $85,000 on its way to be used—of course it said—for educational and social programs; never to buy the arms or the ammunition used to kill white missionaries or black innocents. Meanwhile the object of their affection, Mr. Robert Mugabe, co-founder of the Patriotic Front, has told the *Zimbabwe News* that when he gets into power, courtesy of Messrs. Carter, Callaghan, Owen, Young, and Epps, he intends to "execute" Bishop Muzorewa, the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, Chief Chirau, and Ian Smith, all parties to the Salisbury Agreement. Mugabe is not joking. Two of Sithole's aides were murdered in Rhodesia last week, bringing to 49 the number of officials or supporters of the interim government killed in the last three months.

■ Russian émigré Viktor Korchnoi was understandably upset when Soviet favorite son Anatoly Karpov refused to shake his extended hand after Karpov gained the first win at the World Chess Championships (the first man to win six games will gain the title). Korchnoi, whose wife and teenage son have not been allowed to follow him to the West, issued a response through his delegation chief, Petra Leewerick: ". . . from now on, until the end of the match, [Korchnoi] will be animated by a special feeling when playing the games. He will hear, resounding in the pockets of his adversary, the clank of the chains that fetter his family in the prison camp that is the Soviet Union."

■ If good fences do make good neighbors, relations between East and West Germany will soon be even better. Until recently, all one had to do to get from East to West Germany was elude the East German machine-gun emplacements and dog patrols without triggering the scatter guns that line the border between the two countries. Now, however, the East Germans are acting to improve their defenses. They have begun laying mines, approximately one yard apart, across the entire breadth of the country's border with its Western neighbor.

■ *NR* will soon be reviewing a major new work called *Strategy of Survival* by Brian Crozier, perhaps the foremost British strategic thinker. This book represents an important intellectual and political event. Crozier argues, in the tradition of Strausz-Hupé (*Protracted Conflict*) and James Burnham (*Struggle for the World* and *Suicide of the West*), that we are now and have been for some time in the midst of World War III—and that we are losing. Crozier brings the thesis up to date; his information is chilling, but his recommendations for survival are completely feasible. The book can be obtained from Arlington House, Inc., 165 Huguenot St., New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801, $8.95. Everyone in the West who can read should read it.

■ Last chance: the deadline is September 8. The ACU Education and Research Institute's National Journalism Center for college interns is now operating year round. Chairman M. Stanton Evans says they will accept a few applications for the fall semester and a few more for spring. Interns are paid $100 a week and assigned to work with conservative publications and organizations in Washington. For info contact Fred Mann, ACU Education and Research Institute, 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

■ *Joe Louis: My Life*, a book of great moral style, deserves special mention in an age inundated by *schlock*. Louis is direct ("A man that has something to say don't need all week to make his point"), and he gives us the heights and the depths of his career, the glory and the later moments of despair. He was almost done in by extravagance ("I thought the well would never dry up. You tend to think that way when you're 23 years old and you've reached what I had reached"), by his taste

Jimmy in Tobaccoland

Califano: I don't smoke.
Jimmy: I don't either.
Califano: Then why *joke*?
Jimmy: For a breather.
Califano: Smoking's bad!
Jimmy: So is losing.
Califano: I've been had.
Jimmy: Then try boozing.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

If you live and work in Washington, there are certain things you will know a great deal about, among them: who spits what down which lady's décolletage; who is popping pills or puffing pot; which husbands are off the reservation and which wives are on the booze. The stresses and possible fracture lines within the Administration and on the Hill will be discussed endlessly, as will personalities, parties, and possible presidential candidates. And issues like ERA apparently will be discussed until Armageddon.

Yet there are those other issues which you seldom hear discussed in Washington at all, even though their national significance eclipses the significance of these peripheral matters. One such issue, currently of central concern everywhere west of the Mississippi, is federal land use policy, and its direct bearing on our energy problem.

In a fascinating series of well-written articles in the *Arizona Daily Star*, William Dresher, Dean of the University of Arizona College of Mines, neatly summarizes the situation. One-third of the U.S.—an area approximately as large as everything east of the Mississippi—is made up of public lands. In Alaska, these lands comprise 96.4 per cent of the total acreage; in Nevada, 86.4 per cent; Utah, 66.2 per cent; Idaho, 63.7 per cent; Oregon, 52.3 per cent; California, 45 per cent; Arizona, 43.9 per cent.

These lands, as Dresher points out, contain 50 per cent of all our known energy sources. Yet in 1976 they accounted for only 10 per cent of our total energy production. Why? Nearly as fast as new sources can be discovered, the government, which increasingly refers to public lands as "federal" lands, is busily locking them up. In 1968, says Dresher, only one-quarter of public lands had been withdrawn from use. By 1974, however, approximately three-quarters had been withdrawn. And the current withdrawal figure, apparently, is anyone's guess.

During the last Administration, the Interior Department was stunned to discover that, because of piecemeal withdrawals by various federal agencies, no one in Washington had the slightest idea just how much land had actually been removed from use. As a result, Interior Secretary Kleppe appointed a task force which issued a report entitled, "Final Report of the Task Force on the Availability of Federally Owned Mineral Lands." The report, issued just before the Ford Administration left office, was briefly made available to the public; but then it was examined by Carter's Interior Secretary, Cecil Andrus, who immediately used his authority to have it suppressed.

Why? According to Dresher, the answer seems to be that "the Carter Administration apparently does not want to know how much the public lands of the United States might contribute to the solution of our present energy dilemma."

Is that possible? As quirky as it sounds it may just be true. The basic premise of the Administration's whole National Energy Plan was that we were running out of our supplies of energy. If you don't accept that premise, you cannot buy the plan developed by Carter and Schlesinger. Therefore, if the Administration intends to continue to try to sell us that plan, it might make a peculiar sort of sense to, in effect, withdraw all lands rich in energy resources from research and development, thereby rendering moot any discussion of additional undiscovered supplies.

Far-fetched? No doubt. But you have to wonder, when the Bureau of Land Management and the Forest Service are even now pushing ahead with studies that could, under an extremely loose interpretation of the Wilderness Act, lock up some additional ninety million acres in Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado. It is in this area, the Overthrust Belt, that one of the richest natural gas strikes of recent years was made within the last two months. And it is this area—much of which consists of barren, worked-over acreage—that the government currently seems almost desperate to put off-limits before any new strikes are made.

Strange, isn't it? But then, in Washington, preoccupied as they are with pot, cleavages, and the ERA, they apparently just aren't interested in discussing this sort of issue. —CATO

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for women, by the IRS. But few books have been so free from the impulse to blame. Louis admits his flaws. He is also a patriot. He enlisted in the army during World War II because he felt it was the right thing to do. Joe Louis, knocked out of the ring by Rocky Marciano, has landed on his feet. He has written a classy book.

■ Over in England, Elizabeth Kovacs has been fired as a peanut packer, after numerous complaints by her coworkers, for coming to work too early every day.

■ Mr. Carter's War on Inflation is rolling up impressive gains on all fronts. Federal funnymoney production managed to stay a jot under $5 billion per week, as reported on July 13. Federal "lean and tight" spending may remain a little under $1 million per *minute*, including Sundays and holidays. The House raised the federal debt limit to an iota under $800 billion on July 19. Ted Kennedy plans to escalate federal health spending to a teeny bit under $100 billion per year, up 40 per cent. HEW misplaced $7 billion the other day. Gold is at all-time record high—over $200 per ounce. *Please* stop the war, Mr. Carter. We surrender.

■ Reluctant as we are to side with Mr. Charles Diggs, after all these years we still can't figure out the difference between the misuse of federal funds and the regular use of federal funds.

■ As if you didn't have enough to worry about, an ornithologist reports that the whydah bird, found only on Digue Island in the Seychelles, may become extinct in 15 years unless it can be saved.

■ Mr. Theodore Frisbie of Blackshear, Ga., running unopposed, failed to win the Republican nomination for

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Pierce County Commission Chairman when he did not get the required majority. Mr. Frisbie's total vote was zero.

■ It seems like only yesterday that this department had the great honor of breaking Idi Amin's sickbed revelation that venereal disease had been introduced into Uganda by the British and was transmitted by dining on infected Englishmen or on Ugandans who had previously dined on infected Englishmen. Now recovered, Dr. Amin has softened his views to the extent of renaming venereal disease "Good Hope." "From now on," he explains, "a person suffering from venereal disease has only to tell the doctor he has 'good hope' and he will be given treatment accordingly." It's not even necessary to tell the authorities where you got the infected Englishman to eat.

■ The Seabrook nuclear power project in New Hampshier is [ON] this week.

A Crucible Wrapped In a Crucible

One thing President Sadat has accomplished is a sensational acceleration of the rate at which the changes are being rung on the Middle East negotiations—the oldest permanent floating game in the world.

To be sure, in the very act of suspending talks Sadat stated, "I will not give up this peace initiative." But he stood on shifting sand, needing solid progress for footing. He has sought to provide an opening to the right, but it can't be kept open indefinitely without support. It was Secretary Vance's task, on his desperate trip to Israel and Egypt, to keep the opening open.

Simultaneously, Sadat came under Arab pressure, especially from his billion-dollar-a-year bankroller, Saudi Arabia, to terminate his solo act, for which he has little to show. Significantly, the Saudis have not been among the radicals calling for Israel's destruction; maintaining their customary patient discretion, they have merely observed Sadat's virtuoso performance. Now time is running out. An Arab League meeting, Egypt included, called for a special General Assembly session to debate Palestine. For a time, the initiative withered under the hot breath of Arab multilateral intransigence, of Palestinian internecine warfare (illustrated bloodily in Paris, London, and Rawalpindi), of the obscene Babel on New York's East River, and of Soviet designs.

Suddenly, the scene changed again—to a September 5 summit meeting at Camp David. Clearly, this was a last-ditch card, played to keep the game going, and that fact in itself is probably the strongest possible pressure on all three parties to produce something substantive. Indeed, the Camp David summit is a kind of crucible which, it is to be hoped, will force the components into a new, highly tempered framework capable of containing the elements of an agreement.

It won't be easy, and it is only the appalling consequences of failure that offer some hope. For President Carter, the summit offers the hope of recouping his fallen fortunes in time for the November election—or the danger of falling even farther. For Sadat, failure has even more acutely personal consequences—not only frustration of his grand designs for Egyptian development but humiliation in Arab eyes and perhaps loss of power (and even life and limb) to resurgent extreme elements. For Israel, failure would include all of the above—for Sadat's and Carter's losses are Israel's as well—plus the prospect of weaker U.S. support. True, Secretary Vance told the Foreign Relations Committee the Administration would not link future aid to the summit results. Still, if Israeli intransigence appears to have contributed to a summit failure, a cooling public ardor for Israel would soon be transmuted into resentful congressional parsimony.

But for Israel, especially Begin, there is a poignant irony in that the only terms on which even modest success is likely—i.e., moving (however slowly) toward relinquishment of the West Bank—constitute a potentially divisive internal political wedge between those who regard the West Bank as an asset to be negotiated for security and those who regard it as the Biblical inheritance of Judea and Samaria. This internal cleavage was once again exposed when, after clumsy footwork, the Cabinet decided over Minister Ariel Sharon's strong objections to postpone five new West Bank settlements until after the summit. Both Carter and Vance reiterated the U.S. conviction that there should be no more settlements. But let none think the issue behind us. It contains the main threat to the summit itself. On the other hand, a summit success would almost certainly be based on premises regarding the West Bank which would threaten to split the Israeli government.

In short, if Camp David is a crucible for the U.S.,

Jimmy's Friend, Teddy

Yes, Jimmy's sipped each porridge
  And sampled all three chairs,
And lately he's been using
  That tiny bed upstairs.
I know the house seems empty,
  But once he's shucked his socks,
He'll wake some day—astonished
  As Little Goldilocks.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Egypt, and Israel together, the very possibility of its success holds out the possibility of a second crucible within Israel, which will severely test the viability of the Begin administration.

Tax Sense and Nonsense

The House overwhelmingly passed a tax reduction bill that, according to *Newsweek*, "most generously favored the well-to-do." Actually, the bill does not generously favor anyone. Average federal income taxes on a family of four with "earned" income of $15,000 would drop from 8.9 per cent to 8.4 per cent; at $100,000 the tax goes from 28.9 to 28 per cent. In neither case will the so-called tax cuts be enough to offset the effects of inflation and higher Social Security taxes.

The House bill would also cut the maximum capital gains tax from 49 to 35 per cent, with indexing of certain gains and a $100,000 one-time exemption for the sale of a home. The Senate is likely to cut capital gains tax rates even further, putting the Administration in the awkward and unconvincing position of threatening to veto all tax relief in an election year because of this single issue.

Arguments against reducing capital gains tax rates grow more feeble each day. Treasury Secretary Blumenthal has resorted to arguing that gains from things like the sale of small businesses or commodities are "of little productivity." He even suggests that the rush to realize capital gains that would ensue if tax rates were lowered "might well depress asset prices" and would in any case have "a temporary, one-shot effect."

Most capital gains, however, are reinvested, so that switching from, say, one stock to another need not depress the market. Moreover, the prospect of earning better after-tax returns would increase the demand for assets and raise their prices. Reducing the tax penalty on selling assets would also increase the efficiency of the capital market, allowing investment funds to move more quickly from declining to expanding firms.

Secretary Blumenthal to the contrary, the increased profitability of buying and selling capital assets would not be a one-shot effect, but would continue forever. The stock market, for example, would simply become more active. Studies by Martin Feldstein of the National Bureau of Economic Research show that reducing the maximum capital gains tax rate to 25 per cent would double the tax revenues on corporate stock gains solely because of an added incentive to realize gains by selling. There would be other revenue gains from higher stock prices, improved capital market efficiency, and added incentives to invest.

The last-ditch argument that reduced capital gains taxes would nonetheless be "welfare for millionaires" has been supported by dubious numbers that include capital gains for a single year in the definition of income. If a retired couple sells a home or small business for $100,000 and that gain is counted as income, then it becomes true by definition that most such capital gains accrue to those with "expanded incomes" above $100,000 (the Administration's definition of millionaires).

Real millionaires, like everyone else, can easily avoid capital gains taxes by not selling the assets they own and not buying more. But such behavior is a serious drag on efficient investment and economic growth, and therefore a powerful reason for cutting the tax penalty on realizing inflated capital gains. The President is losing this battle in Congress and the opinion polls because the President is wrong. He should save the veto for the spending side of the budget, and let Congress repair his faulty tax proposals.

Moynihan?

Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York has not altogether surfaced as a Democratic candidate for the Presidency, but the talk is increasing, and currents are beginning to flow in his direction. Moynihan now laughs all this off, saying that he wishes to be a senator from New York, a pleasant post, and that he does not have the temperament for the Presidency. He may well find, however, that the ultimate decision will not rest entirely in his hands.

The case for Moynihan within the Democratic Party goes this way: 1) Carter has flopped beyond reclaim; 2) Kennedy is too far left, and vulnerable not only on Chappaquiddick but on a variety of other matters; 3) Brown is fun in California but lacks national credibility; 4) history has begun to flow in the direction of positions splendidly articulated by Moynihan, i.e., the case for freedom, no more political relativism as regards the Soviets, and no more Third World kow-towing; 5) there is a reviving American patriotism; 6) he comes from a major state and has labor, ethnic, and Jewish support; 7) his predecessor on the Democratic ideological spectrum, Senator Henry Jackson, proved unmerchandisable —but Moynihan is not.

In his way, Senator Moynihan represents a new turning in the Democratic Party, a move beyond the "new politics" of the 1960s, and in that sense he is analogous on the Democratic side to such "new" Republican stars as Representatives Jack Kemp and Phil Crane, as well as to candidates now surfacing elsewhere.

Japan Loves China

It is a measure of the changes of the last decade in patterns of power that the signing of a peace and friendship treaty between Japan and China aroused such modest attention. The treaty, signed in Peking on August 12, put the final cap on normalization of relations between the two and was the logical conclusion of the process set in motion by the 1972 agreement to resume

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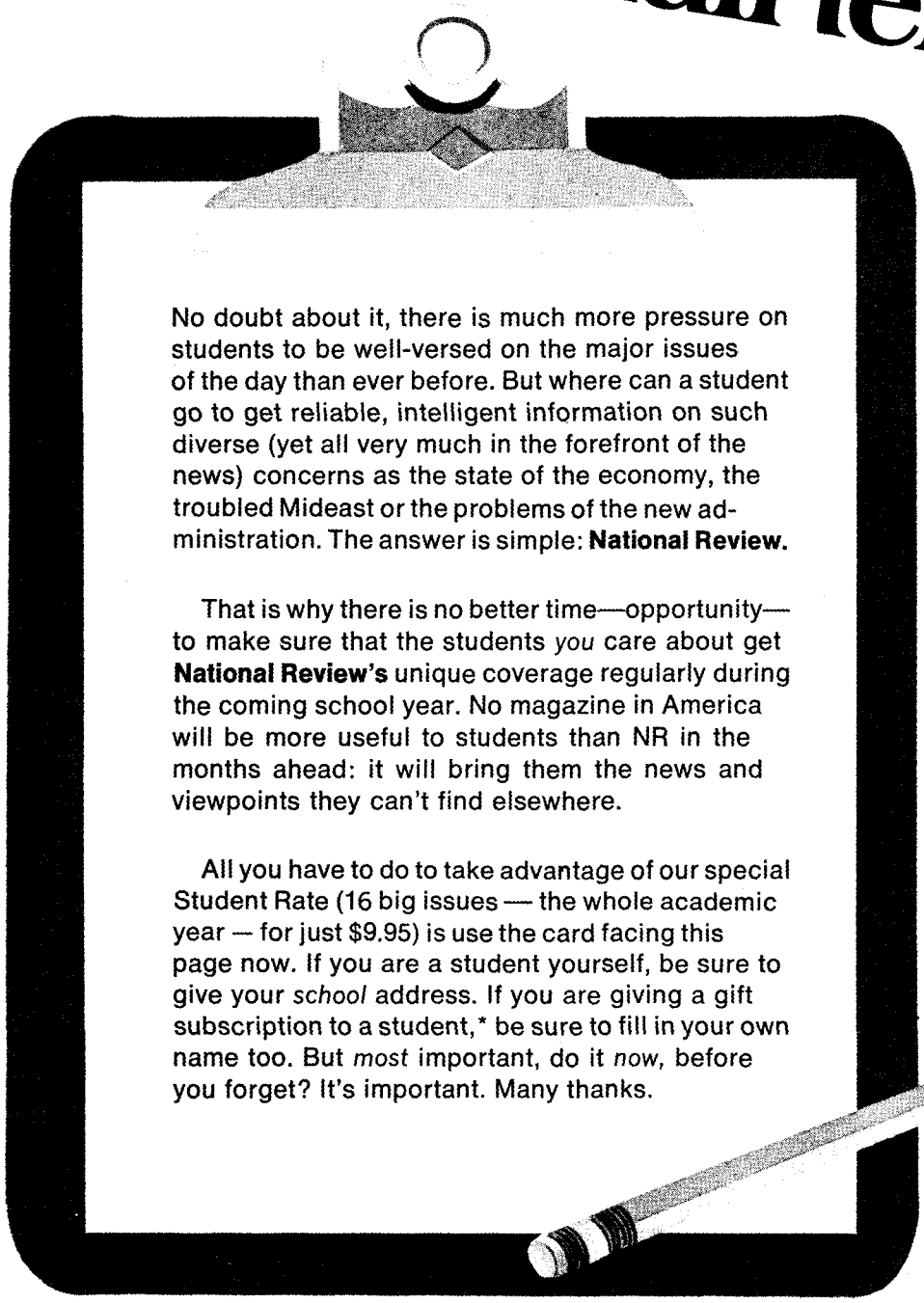

No doubt about it, there is much more pressure on students to be well-versed on the major issues of the day than ever before. But where can a student go to get reliable, intelligent information on such diverse (yet all very much in the forefront of the news) concerns as the state of the economy, the troubled Mideast or the problems of the new administration. The answer is simple: **National Review.**

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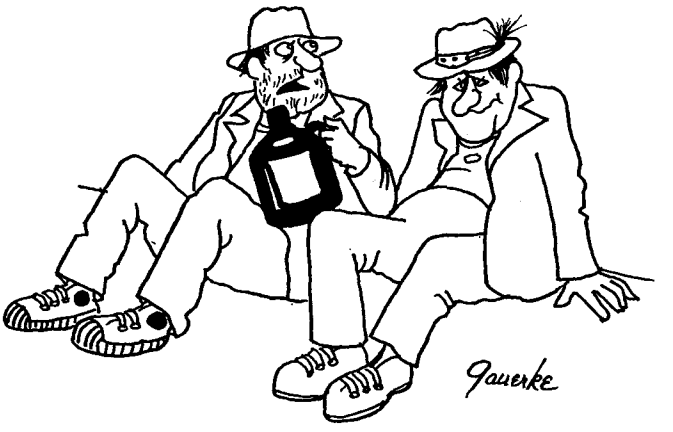
diplomatic relations. Even that agreement caused anguish in Washington, Taiwan, and Southeast Asia because it led to downgrading Japan-Taiwan relations to a surrogate embassy in the form of an Association headed by a retired Japanese ambassador. But imagine the impact had it occurred in 1968, during the height of the Indochina War! Indeed, the Japanese have been looking forward to it ever since the treaty with the U.S. in 1952, because Japan has a deep-seated sense of necessary linkage to China that springs not only from strategic and commercial concerns, but from historic cultural ties.

So routine was the recent treaty, however, that it passed with only the mildest of welcoming notices around the world—that is, the world outside Moscow, which reacted predictably to the standard clause demanded by Peking, opposing any great power "hegemony" in Asia. "Hegemony," of course, is a Chinese Communist codeword for the USSR. One wonders why, since the USSR denies any hegemonistic pretensions, it even bothers to react, since to do so only suggests a self-conscious compulsion to put the shoe on because it fits. Nevertheless, Communists take words very seriously, and they react with the predictability of Pavlov's dog. The Soviet ambassador in Tokyo warned that Japan might be pulled into an "anti-Soviet" alliance with China. The crafty Japanese provided themselves with a handy shield against this sort of insinuation in the form of a clause saying the treaty "will not affect relations between China or Japan and any other country." Unimpressed, the Soviets charged ahead. TASS opined that the treaty "may not only cause serious damage to Japan's national interests" —which we can leave to the Japanese to handle—"but also hinder the development of the detente process and heat up the international situation to the utmost." Talk about linkage. One can probably judge that the linkage effect will be about on a par with President Carter's warning to the USSR on how its naughty behavior in Africa might affect relations with us, causing U.S. displeasure—which is selling in Zurich, as we go to press, at 1.68 on the dollar.

Short Spring, Long Winters

They had a short but late spring in Czechoslovakia ten years ago, ended on August 20 by the advent of a bitter winter heralded by Red Army tanks in Prague's Old City Square. But short though it was, that spring of 1968 is remembered as the last one they have had. Moreover, it is still nostalgically remembered by many as the first spring Czechoslovakia had had since February 1948, when a twenty-year winter fell over the country, heralded by an earlier generation of tanks. As far as any one can tell, this second winter may lengthen to twenty years, like its predecessor, before it lets up. Certainly, the stunted growth of the seedlings planted at



"What riles me is that some of us have to eke out an existence on welfare while the big shots write off their three-martini lunches."

Helsinki in 1975 does not augur well. There, the primacy of the USSR in Eastern Europe was formally acknowledged, and the famed "Basket III" provisions produced some ineffective posturing on a few cases in Russian courts but no reintroduction of spring for Czechoslovakia.

Life goes on, of course, and Bertrand Russell would say, "Better red than dead." But a better legend for Czechoslovakia and its neighbors behind the Helsinki Curtain would be, "Seed beneath the snow." They have long winters in Eastern Europe, but there will be another spring.

From Revolt to Revolution

The concluding resolution of the July 28-29 National Tax Limitation Conference in St. Louis encapsulates perfectly the popular image of the tax revolt. Tennessee State Representative David Copeland originally proposed a motion calling for balanced budgets, national spending limits, and an end to inflation; but when a number of delegates objected, on the grounds that their parent organizations would lose tax-exempt status, Copeland offered this substitute: "We're mad as hell and we're not going to take it any more."

This is the tax revolt of the Establishment press: the free-wheeling, wild-swinging, "barbaric yawp" of the bourgeoisie. More important, the St. Louis delegates discussed strategies and specifics; and they iterated two points of special importance. 1) The tax revolt is big business. "This is far more than a conservative political issue," said Representative Philip Crane (R., Ill.)—who clearly was referring to constituencies, not principles. For the first time in ten years, conservatives may be able to appeal effectively beyond their traditional right-wing audiences. Tax rage is non-partisan, and a number of candidates in 1978 are hoping to harness it—Edward F. King, contender for the Massachusetts gubernatorial

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nod, urged the conference to seek allies among the "populists" of the Democratic Party. 2) Many of the revolt's enemies are big businesses. King warned the conference to expect opposition from government contractors and bankers (on the principle that lenders like spenders). Such businesses have already opposed Proposition 13 in California and the tax limitation amendment in Massachusetts; and when the fight goes national—when revolt turns into revolution—they will not be idle.

Fun in the Sun

How could the 11th World Youth Festival have failed to be anything but a tub-thumping success? For well over a year, fun-loving national committees in host country Cuba, the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Mongolia, and Poland, together with committees in such places as Britain, France, and the U.S., busied themselves preparing for what probably was the biggest extravaganza in the 19 years that Fidel Castro has been dicator of Cuba. In years past, Moscow, Sofia, and East Berlin were granted the privilege of hosting the Festival. This year, from July 27 to August 5, the privilege was Havana's—and Castro pulled out all the stops. It's a wonder NBC didn't televise it.

Aware that little things mean a lot, he saw to it that the twenty thousand delegates and 1,500 journalists had enough food to eat, an achievement made possible by the international solidarity fund and every single Cuban worker, who for the past year has had two days' pay docked each month for the sake of the Festival. Meat and vegetables—two items that have become a delicacy in revolutionary Cuba—were on every day's menu.

The well-nourished visitors were allowed to mingle with the natives (excluding, of course, the four thousand or so political prisoners). An obviously overjoyed *New York Times* reporter noted that the Committees for the Defense of the Revolution "held block parties for the delegates, enabling outsiders to mix with ordinary Cubans in a way unheard of in almost two decades." Without meaning to detract from the *Times* reporter's undoubtedly moving experience among the natives, it should be pointed out that the mingling wasn't as spontaneous as it may have seemed. The London *Sunday Telegraph* reporter noted that Cuban youngsters were "drilled for months on how to greet foreign guests," and certain Cubans were specially selected to invite people to their homes.

The highlight of the Festival, at least as far as the sponsors were concerned, was the Youth Accuses Imperialism International Tribunal. It was here that Philip Agee revealed his latest effort to cripple the CIA: an organization called Counter-Watch and a publication called *Covert Action Information Bulletin*, which he promised will give the names and locations of CIA agents and operations around the world. In 1975, *CounterSpy*, a now defunct publication with which Agee was affiliated, identified Richard Welch as a CIA agent; a few months later, on Christmas Eve, Welch was assassinated. When speaking of his plans to destroy the CIA, Agee made clear his desire that the same fate befall other agents. "Peaceful protest will do the job," he said, "and when it doesn't those whom the CIA has most oppressed will find other ways of fighting back."

The Common Touch

When Louis-Philippe was enthroned
  He put aside scepter and crown;
He mingled and met with every soubrette,
  And walked to his palace, downtown.
Alas for the citizen-king,
  The masses got terribly bored—
A lesson I note for Jimmy to quote,
  Before he gets boring as Ford.

W. H. VON DREELE

Pope Paul, RIP

In this issue we publish reflections on the death of Paul VI by the editor (p. 1102), by Jacob Neusner, a distinguished Jewish theologian (p. 1080), and by Malachi Martin, *NR*'s religion editor, a former Jesuit (p. 1082). In this space we have nothing to add. All three writers share a respect for the man, an admiration of his fortitude, a sympathy with his awful historical and moral problems; and the confidence that he has earned eternal peace.

Richard Obenshain, RIP

When Richard Obenshain ran for Congress in 1964, he was 28 years old, unknown, the conservative son of an agronomy professor from Blacksburg, Virginia. He lost by 654 votes. When he was killed in a light plane crash August 3, Obenshain was 42, the favorite in the U.S. Senate race as the Republican nominee, past co-chairman of the Republican National Committee, and the architect of a resurgent—in fact dominant—Republican conservatism in his home state.

From his earliest days Obenshain was committed to a conservatism that was intellectual, but also popular. He was a Goldwater stalwart in 1964 ("Goldwater Needs Obenshain," read his campaign banners), but he wasn't subdued by the ensuing debacle. Later, as state Republican chairman, Obenshain shrewdly gathered a broad coalition to his party: Democratic businessmen disen-

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chanted with their party's liberalism; middle-class, upwardly mobile blacks; suburbanites moving near Virginia's eastern cities; and conservative populists. By the mid-Seventies, Virginia had a conservative Republican as governor and its first Republican senator in this century, William L. Scott. This year Obenshain, the promoter of the success of so many others, was running himself to replace the retiring Scott.

Obenshain was a friend and contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW, and he will be remembered warmly here as well as in Virginia. His death was early and tragic for his country as well as for his wife and three children. He leaves to Virginia a political New Majority, a legacy that is likely to prosper for many years to come.

Ben Moreell, RIP

Admiral Moreell had a distinguished career, as everybody knows who knows anything about naval or World War II history. He managed both not to attend Annapolis *and* to become a four-star admiral, first time ever. During the war, as head of the Seabees, he had a mere ten thousand officers and quarter-million enlisted men working for him, building building building to defeat the Japanese. After the war, as if nothing had happened, he became president and chief executive officer of Jones and Laughlin Steel, a giant, appropriately run by a giant. Along the way he discovered that everything he had built, every success he had achieved, was threatened by the American disease: creeping socialism at home, to use a phrase from that great phrasemaker General Eisenhower; and, abroad, galloping socialism commanded by the Kremlin. He devoted a significant amount of his formidable energy to encouraging resistance at home, joining with the late Governor Charles Edison to found the American Conservative Union which, after a generation, continues to flourish under the leadership of Representative Philip Crane. Ben Moreell, for all his apparent toughness, was a gentle, amiable man, as ruggedly American as anyone who ever came out of Salt Lake City. He died at 85, and his friends at NATIONAL REVIEW join his family, and the men who served under him and over him, by placing this wreath on his graveside.

Gurbutt, England — Rothco

"I don't think of it as losing a son but as gaining a tanker fleet."

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

Several years ago, as you may or may not remember, you retained me as a consultant to *NR*. I offered then to instruct you in Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman and guide you away from any susceptibility to Trotskyism, but you declined. But then Alexander the Great never paid much attention to Aristotle; and that was shrewd of him too. . . . I never much liked St. Augustine until I read the reply St. Jerome wrote him. You remember, of course: "Your missive, *that honeyed sword* . . . Certain friends of ours, *vessels of Christ*, had already told me what you have been saying about me . . ." etc. There had been some dispute over Scriptural translations, about which Jerome commented that he hadn't read very far along in Augustine's version because he had too much affection for his Brother Augustine and too keen a sense of duty to his Bishop Augustine ever to quarrel with either and, in addition, he had found this stuff tainted with heresy. No mortal could ever be Jerome, but ever since I've tried for *the honeyed sword*, once or twice. . . .

My columns are lurching dangerously in the direction of the philosophical. . . . What is happening is that with the years I have grown ruminative. The inside of my head is a garden of entangling vines. . . . It has occurred to me that I should like to ruminate somewhere else. . . . I wondered last night whether I mightn't get it on some tether if I just started to let it romp somewhere else and wrote little nothings just about my ruminations.

What all this leads its way to is that I should like to do a piece a month somewhere that is just rumination, going rather as this letter has, if more controlled. Candidly, yours is the only editorial mind and *NR*'s, curiously, the only temper with which I could conceive of myself as fitting. Would it be possible?

Cordially,
Murray Kempton

See page 1087.

—WFB

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■ WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO THIS SUMMER? COULD YOU WRITE A 100-200 WORD ANSWER FOR OUR VACATION READING ISSUE. COPY MUST BE IN OFFICE MAY 12.

HARVEY SHAPIRO, EDITOR
NYTIMES BOOK REVIEW

Dear Harvey:

This summer I plan to do the usual things, plus something else. I have elected to run the very serious risk of making a fool of myself. How?—you are obviously licking your lips. By trying to write a poem? By undertaking a textual analysis of the speeches of President Carter? [*By reading out loud editorials from the* New York Times?]* Worse. I belong to a club whose articles exact of its members non-demure participation in musical, dramatic, and cultural programs, and this year I have been asked to play the harpsichord at one of the evening events, as a small part of a variety show. I said: Yes, on the understanding that up until 24 hours before curtain time I may change my mind. I have selected a stretch of music that requires nine minutes for a performer of average competence to render, ninety minutes for such a performer to master. I shall be devoting every spare minute of my time during the entire spring and summer to the project, and will not know until the evening before whether I can go through with it. Is there a greater drama in the house? [*Tell me, Harvey; and if so, run it bold, and hold the presses, and we shall all of us, your vast constituency, hold our breath. I'll let you know how it went, if it went.*]* Best,

Bill

* The italicized lines were omitted in the version published in the *New York Times.*

Mr. W. Parmer Fuller III
President, Bohemian Club
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Parmer:

In the interval between the closing of the festivities on The Saturday Night and my leaving the Grove, over a dozen members of the Bohemian Club approached me to apologize for the reception given by a few members to my appearance on the program. While most grateful to these gentlemen for their courtesy, I should like to record the following:

1. Although I undertook to play the harpsichord at the insistent invitation of Bob England, I withheld a final commitment to play it until the Tuesday before the Saturday. On that Tuesday, I performed the 12 Mozart variations for Bob, in order that he might finally pronounce on the advisability of playing before the large Saturday night assembly. He reiterated his invitation.

2. I drafted, for submission to you, a few jocular sentences that might serve by way of introducing my episode. In retrospect, I think I made the mistake of failing to alert the audience that I intended to play seriously (to the best of my highly limited ability) a piece which, while a musical venture in childhood fantasy, is nonetheless a little masterpiece, and a standard in the repertoire of many performing artists. I take full responsibility for predisposing many members of the audience to think that I was engaged in an elaborate sight-gag with music-box accompaniment.

3. I fully understand, under the provocative circumstances, the manifest impatience of a few members, and, while deeply appreciating the concern voiced to me about their alleged inhospitality, I wish to advise you that I am not in the least offended; that on the contrary I am grateful for the appreciative response of so many Bohemians; and that I was greatly moved by your own conspicuous generosity. At the risk of fulsomeness, I should add that such is my affection for the Bohemian Club and my respect for the resonant gentility of its members, that my preternatural judgment of them would probably not have been altered if they had mounted the stage for the purpose of riding me out of the camp on a rail. Certainly I have no doubt that W. A. Mozart would have done just that if he had been a member of the audience. Although, to confess the dark side of my nature, I must admit that if anyone had touched the harpsichord, I'd have killed, resigning my later years to cohabitation with Charles Manson and Patty Hearst.

4. In conclusion, I must share with you the utter joy I experienced after the event on learning from a listener seated high among the redwoods of his having overheard, shortly after I had begun, the plaintive sigh from the listener behind him: "Vote No on Variation 13!" Mozart knew when to stop, even if I have not learned when not to begin.

With cordial regards,
Bill

Dear Bill:

. . . As I left the stage that night, a sober Bohemian expressed to me his concern over what he called the rudeness of some members of the audience. I was confident that I was taking no chances when I assured him that you were not offended, but I'm glad to have your confirmation that my judgment was accurate. I like the idea of Bohemians doing something and doing it well outside the scope of their known skills. I also prefer Bohemian entertainment over imported performances, and you filled the bill.

As for the listener high in the redwoods, perhaps he, like Jerry Brown, is now in favor of Variation 13, having heard the applause.

My best to you.

Sincerely,
Parmer
—WFB

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Olympic Wave Swelling

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

THE IDEA THAT it is improper to hold the Olympic Games in Moscow has become a movement. Some of its recent manifestations were recounted by an editorial, "Olympic Volcano," in *NR*'s last issue. Formal proposals have been introduced in Congress calling for a transfer of the Games from Moscow. More and more Americans are convinced that the Games in Moscow should be boycotted even if that means no Games in 1980.

The movement is not confined to the United States. In the past few months, partly in reaction against the Soviet Show Trials, the issue has become a subject of public debate in a number of West European and Latin American countries (and perhaps also in some Third World countries, though I don't have much information about that).

The most extensive discussion has been going on in England, which has a special relation to the modern Olympics. Although it was a Frenchman who initiated the revival of the modern Olympics, the British have always had a leading role among Olympic enthusiasts and in the Olympic organization. British athletes have not been top medal winners, but the English attitude toward sports and games, their sense of fair play, of "the good loser," of doing your best "for the game's sake," have been felt to be the modern expression of the Olympic ideal. An Irishman, Lord Killanin, has been the chairman of the International Olympic Committee since Avery Brundage retired in 1972.

Prelude to 1984

In early July, Britain's most influential newspaper, the London *Times*, published a lead editorial suggesting that, if Soviet conduct continues in the mode of the Show Trials, a boycott of the Moscow Games might be called for. The *Times*' letters page is a national forum in which leading public figures participate. This editorial catalyzed a flood of letters that still continues, and the discussion spread to the rest of the media. By a large majority the comments, whether from left or right, call for a switch or a boycott.

In the same issue that carried the editorial, Lord Chalfont—a former Labor Cabinet Minister and a hardliner on the Soviets—concluded an article on the Trials with this remark: "Unless the Soviet Union changes its policy, Shcharansky, Ginzburg, and many thousands of other Russians will still be rotting in labor camps while the Olympic Ideal is being celebrated in Moscow. The Olympic Games before the Second World War were celebrated in Berlin while the concentration camps were filling up with Jews; four years later the world was in flames."

Berlin 1936

One of the most impressive letters came from Beverley Nichols, a liberal and (as he mentions) former pacifist. For him, too, the parallel with Berlin 1936 is the key to the situation:

"Over forty years ago, in the summer of 1936, I flew to Berlin to report the Olympic Games.

"This was Hitler's last and most spectacular exercise in his campaign to present the acceptable face of Fascism. It was the biggest window-dressing operation in history. Berlin was *en fête*, beflagged and beribboned, and the evil genius of Goebbels was given full scope. His raucous voice, translated into a dozen languages, echoed through gigantic loudspeakers at every street corner. His minions scurried through the embassies, the hotels, even through the gay bars, cajoling, bribing, sometimes threatening, bearing always the same message . . . 'The Third Reich welcomes you. Germany is your friend. Germany seeks only peace, and only Germany has the power to enforce it.'

"We were dazzled—all of us—whether we were politically Right, Left, or Center. Even I, a fanatical peace-at-any-price pacifist, was almost ensnared. As I watched the Hitler *Jugend* swinging down Unter den Linden, chanting their songs and flaunting their flags, I asked myself . . . 'Is it possible that these golden youths have sold their souls to the devil? Is it conceivable that such national rapture can be synthetic, engendered by a perverted poltroon?'

"The answer, of course, was yes. Already the first bricks were being laid in the gas chambers of Belsen. And three years later the whole of European civilization was beginning to go up in smoke.

"Among the dubious advantages of growing old is that one acquires a sort of sixth sense warning one when history is about to repeat itself. I have a chilling sense that what happened in Berlin in 1936 will happen again in Moscow in 1980, if this is to be the venue of the next Olympic spectacular. Once again the West will be deluded; the acceptable face of Communism will be received with approval; and Russia will gain invaluable breathing time in her plans for world dominion. And a few years later . . . in 1984? Your guess is as good as mine.

Who Will Speak Out?

"The tragic irony of this forecast lies in the fact that it need never be fulfilled. If the leaders of the West were to announce, swiftly and unanimously, that they would play no part in the next Olympic spectacular until the Soviets honored the Helsinki agreements, the effect of such a proclamation would be a body blow to the whole hideous apparatus of Soviet propaganda. The Russians would not know how to deal with it, how to explain it—even to themselves. In the Gospel according to Saint Marx, there are no guidelines for measuring such a crisis.

"The West has very few cards left to play in the shoddy game that now masquerades as international diplomacy. But we still hold the ace of trumps. It may be battered and dog-eared, but it is imprinted with the Olympic torch of freedom, and it cannot be outbid. If only someone had the courage to play it!"

A closing footnote: NBC, the Kremlin's Olympic megaphone, is reported to have taken out a $40-million insurance policy with Lloyds of London against pullout by the U.S. and possibly other Western countries. □

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WILLIAM R. KINTNER

Soviet Morality & U.S. Nuclear Strategy

AMONG MODERN Presidents, Jimmy Carter has associated his policies to an uncommon degree with clearly stated moral imperatives. While most attention has been devoted to Carter's emphasis on human rights, our conduct in other areas has also been affected by the President's convictions. Because nuclear weapons remain the heart of U.S. defense strategy, the Carter Administration's defense policy and the ways in which it has been influenced by the President's moral views deserve examination.

Carter's attitude toward nuclear weapons has been remarkably consistent. Almost a year before his election, he declared: "When I make my Inaugural Address, early in 1977, I'm going to spell out the purpose of this country to *reduce atomic weapons in all nations to zero. . . .*" (Emphasis added in this and following presidential statements.) Keeping this pledge, President Carter asserted in his Inaugural Address: "We will move this year . . . a step toward our ultimate goal—*the elimination of all nuclear weapons from this earth.*"

During his first year in office, the President reasserted this purpose before the United Nations, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization Council, newspaper editors, and academic audiences. His reasoning was perhaps spelled out most clearly in his Notre Dame speech (May 1977):

> . . . we have moved to engage the Soviet Union in a joint effort to halt the strategic arms race. This race is not only dangerous, it is *morally deplorable.* We must put an end to it. . . . We desire a *freeze on further modernization* and production of weapons and a continuing substantial reduction of strategic nuclear weapons as well. . . . We hope that we can take joint steps with all nations toward a final agreement *eliminating nuclear weapons completely* from our arsenals of death.

All Carter's published statements on the subject make these same points: first, that he is *morally* impelled to seek the ultimate elimination of nuclear weapons; second, that he wants to begin by freezing the modernization of strategic forces. The record of the United States' SALT II negotiating positions and President Carter's decisions regarding the choice of weapons for our strategic forces appear to reflect the President's concepts of nuclear morality.

In March 1977, President Carter, through Secretary Vance, presented to Moscow two alternative proposals for limiting the expansion of nuclear arsenals. One proposal involved the simple ratification and extension of the Vladivostok accord reached between former President Ford and General Secretary Brezhnev in 1975. The ceilings agreed upon in 1975 would be continued after the Interim Agreement on strategic arms expired in October 1977, while the two principal areas of contention—the Soviet Backfire bomber and the American cruise missile—would be deferred for future negotiations. The other proposal, calling for sizable reductions in launchers, and a ban on further improvements in ICBMs, was much more comprehensive in scope.

This comprehensive proposal was remarkable on several counts. It was the first SALT package in several years to enjoy the support of the Pentagon, important figures in Congress (Senator Jackson in particular), and the arms control bureaucracy. The proposal appeared to change basic U.S. strategy toward SALT. Instead of each side assuring the other of the approximate limits of its intended building program and then using those levels as the parameters for its negotiations on the composition of forces, the United States now wished to reduce the limits before deciding on the composition.

THE SOVIET UNION peremptorily rejected these initiatives of Carter's, maintaining that the proposal of equal and substantial cuts was intended simply to secure unilateral advantages for the United States. The Soviets also rejected the proposal to extend the Vladivostok accord and defer discussion of cruise missiles and the Backfire bomber, contending that this variant was a violation of previous understandings with the Ford Administration.

As a result of subsequent exchanges between Secretary Vance and Foreign Minister Gromyko, a tripartite framework for arms control was reportedly reached during the summer of 1977. The first element of the accord provided for an agreement that would extend to 1985, with a ceiling of under 2,400 on strategic nuclear missile launchers and long-range bombers. The second element provided for a three-year protocol covering controversial weapons like the cruise

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missile. The final element in the accord was a statement outlining the general principles to be observed in negotiating a new treaty leading to substantial arms reductions.

The comprehensive cuts in strategic arms proposed in March 1977 would have been a first step toward substantial reductions in strategic nuclear arsenals and toward the much more remote goal of nuclear disarmament. The subsequent "framework" was essentially a small reduction in current nuclear arsenals, with some hope for further cuts in the future. When the "framework" could not be completed before the 1972 SALT agreement expired on October 3, 1977, both sides declared their intention to observe the agreement while negotiations on SALT II continued. In any event, there seems to be one fixed point in the discussion: each superpower will be limited to a total of some 2,200 strategic missiles. Thus, the current design for SALT II promoted by Arms Control and Disarmament Director Paul Warnke and the proposal for significant reductions supported in March 1977 by Senator Jackson—men who, as a rule, are deeply opposed to each other's approach—have one thing in common: a reduction in the inventories of the superpowers' offensive systems—a step devoutly wished by President Carter.

It should be noted that President Carter, like Presidents Nixon and Ford, has made successful arms control negotiations the centerpiece of continuing, if not expanding, detente with the Soviet Union. But the emphasis on arms control ignores an important question: Are nuclear weapons the real bone of contention between the two countries, or are those weapons simply symbolic of a deeper conflict rooted in some combination of ideology and geopolitics? Will both sides take the risk of seriously reducing their nuclear arsenals before their opposing political goals are reconciled?

It is difficult to understand why the Soviets should wish to reach an equitable SALT agreement when the passage of time favors their strategy and their developing nuclear posture

The threat posed by the Soviet Union to the United States and its allies springs from the fundamental totalitarian nature of the Soviet regime, from the Soviet Union's favorable geopolitical position astride the Eurasian land mass, and from its constantly expanding strategic nuclear and conventional military power. Many Americans tend to overlook the Soviet Union's constant preoccupation with the United States. The Soviet rulers still regard the U.S. as the chief obstacle to their plan to remake their own people and to transform the world into their image. As Robert Legvold expressed it:

> If there is one great impediment to progressive change, one great benefactor of a reactionary order, *in Soviet eyes*, it is the United States. China may be a more immediate and noxious threat to the Soviet Union, but its larger meaning is as an objective ally of the anti-progressive forces led by us. . . .

Important figures in the Carter Administration understand this. Over two decades ago, Zbigniew Brzezinski described the Soviet regime as committed "beyond the power of recall to the further expansion of its power and to the continued maintenance of its coercive apparatus." On October 30, 1977, speaking on the CBS program *Face the Nation*, Brzezinski expressed essentially the same idea:

> . . . I think the Soviet leadership expects a world that will be Communized. It expects it historically. It would like to encourage it, but at the same time, it's also motivated by immediate national interests, immediate geopolitical concerns—let's say the presence of China, instability in Eastern Europe, the desire for our technology, so all that fuzzes their grand strategy.

Although immediate problems may "fuzz" Soviet strategy, we can expect Moscow to exploit its military might, geopolitical advantages, and Marxist-Leninist doctrine to extend its influence. As the appeal of their ideology has declined, the Soviet rulers have increasingly sought to bolster their sway with the politics of power. They can ill afford to dispense with the ideology itself: that is all that gives some apparent legitimacy to their rule. So, internally, they have attempted to buttress it by coercion, lacking popular consent. Simultaneously, they have sought to assure its long-term survival by the gradual displacement of external systems that might oppose it.

Despite the President's recent assertion in Warsaw that "old ideological labels have lost their meaning" in the modern world, the word has reached neither the Marxist-Leninist leaders nor the political prisoners incarcerated in Soviet labor camps. The Soviet leaders still assert that our system is obsolete and must disappear; they are also investing massively in the military power which they believe can aid the process. Nothing any American President can do or say will change the fundamental hostility of the Soviet regime toward our own society. There can be no true peace between the Soviet Union and the Western democracies as long as totalitarian leaders steeped in Marxism-Leninism rule that vast nation.

Only if the *people* of the Soviet Union are able to bring about fundamental changes in their government will there be any possibility that the rivalry between the United States and the Soviet Union can be ended and that strategic nuclear weapons can be eliminated. Until such a fundamental internal transformation of the Soviet Union takes place, the United States *must* maintain a stable strategic nuclear equilibrium.

It is in this context that plans to modernize our strategic forces must be examined. Soviet leaders may be less inhibited than ours in exploiting an advantage. For this reason, the danger of total war by miscalculation, or even from a considered attack by the Soviet Union, cannot be altogether ruled out—particularly during the period of maximum vulnerability of our Minuteman ICBM force.

Caught between the ominous implications of the Soviet buildup and the desire to avoid the expensive and controversial steps necessary to sustain the strategic balance, the Carter Administration has decided that it will accept the risks. Defense Secretary Harold Brown argues that "the Soviets would face great uncertainties" in actually delivering a first strike and that neither the vulnerability of U.S. land-based missiles nor the Soviet Union's efforts to protect its population "degrade our basic retaliatory capability."

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The Carter Administration thus displays a curious attitude toward the approaching period of strategic vulnerability. The message fom the White House to the Pentagon is clear: no new strategic nuclear systems will be deployed, and few if any of those now conceived will be developed. By canceling the B-1, offering to place untested cruise missiles in a three-year protocol freeze under SALT II, and slowing development of the MX missile, Carter's strategic weapons decisions are moving the United States away from a Triad strategic posture (manned bombers, ICBMs, and sea-launched ballistic missiles) to an eventual Monad system.

These decisions should be examined in more detail. The cancellation of the B-1 suggests that the President has abandoned the "bargaining chip" strategy of his predecessors. The aircraft was evaluated rather more for its cost-efficiency than its utility in the SALT II negotiations. In fact, the question of whether to build the penetrating bomber was decided outside the SALT context altogether. But the question of its substitute—the cruise missile launched from B-52s—is deeply enmeshed in SALT II.

At the same time that the cruise missile launched from standoff aircraft has been touted as the ideal alternative to the manned penetration bomber, its future has been clouded by SALT II negotiations. Administration officials briefing congressional committees on the SALT II negotiations have indicated that consideration is being given to restricting air-launched cruise missiles to a range of 2,500 kilometers (1,500 miles) in spite of grave concern over such a limitation on the part of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It is not known how the 2,500-kilometer range is to be defined, especially with regard to such issues as defense avoidance in low-altitude terrain-following flight, and flight in adverse wind conditions.

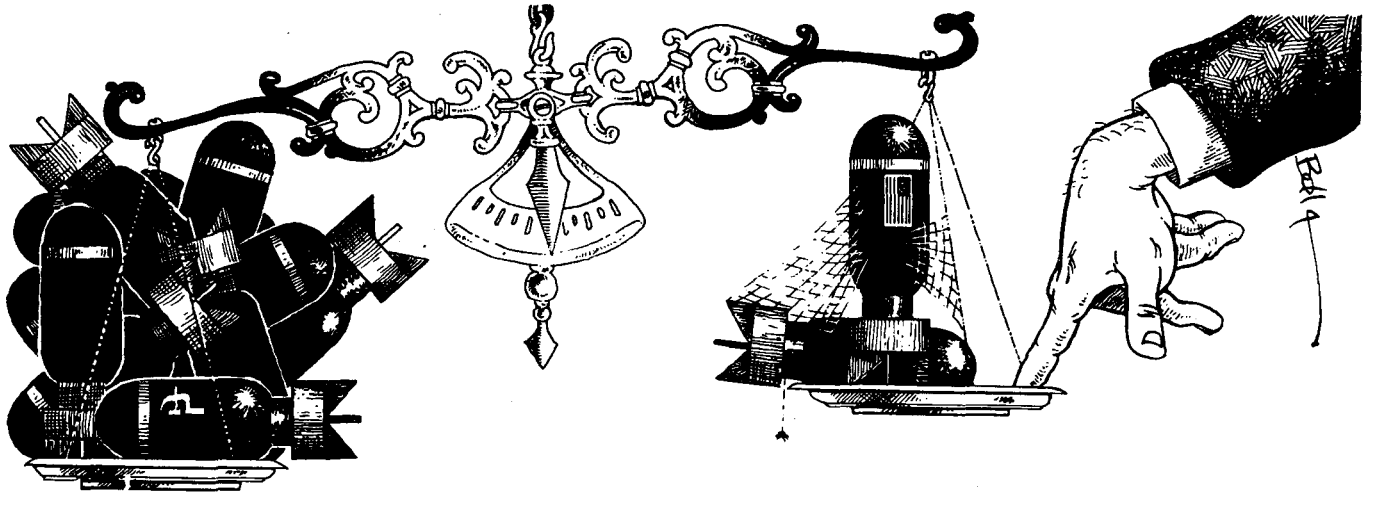
The Soviets clearly want to use the SALT II negotiations to hobble U.S. missile development as much as possible. They appear to have two objectives in mind: 1) to foreclose any strategic cruise capability that could deny the Soviets military superiority in the aftermath of a strategic exchange; and 2) to deny the Western European nations any capability to counterbalance the Soviet SS-20, a MIRVed mobile ballistic missile of intermediate range (about 2,500 miles).

With the phasing out of manned penetration bombers, the significance of the cruise missile's range increases. An operational range of about 3,500 kilometers (2,100 miles) is essential if ALCMs (Air-Launched Cruise Missiles) are to provide credible deterrence from standoff positions. Many of the most important targets in the USSR are located along the Trans-Siberian Railroad, including all ICBMs and associated command and control facilities. As Defense Secretary Brown has acknowledged, many of these would be beyond the reach of ALCMs if the 2,500-kilometer range limitation were accepted by the United States in SALT II. Meanwhile, the Soviet Union will continue to extend outward from its shores the effective reach of its interceptor aircraft. Their range could easily be extended to more than seven hundred miles to thwart the United States' ALCMs.

Because of the improvements in Soviet ICBMs, the Defense Department—with the endorsement of the Secretary of Defense—was considering full-scale development of the MX (mobile experimental) missile last fall. In a speech before the Royal United Service Institute in London in early December, General George Brown, who was at that time chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, stated that in view of the continuing Soviet strategic surge, "the United States is going forward with development of cruise missiles, the Trident submarine-launched ballistic missile system, and a mobile intercontinental ballistic missile—the MX." These systems, if produced, "should help ensure the qualitative advantage needed to maintain strategic stability."

The decision on speeding up these programs was to be made by the President in the final stage of determining his fiscal 1979 budget. Funding for the MX in fiscal 1978 was $134.4 million. The amount initially sought by the Pentagon in fiscal 1979 for expedited development was around $260 million; the 1979 budget request for the MX is $158.2 million —a slight increase over 1978, taking inflation into account. President Carter has thus simply ruled out full-scale engineering development for the MX. In the same vein, only one Trident submarine was included in the 1979 budget, in contrast to two in the 1978. By slowing the MX, canceling the B-1, and involving the cruise missile in the SALT negotiations, the Administration is clearly banking on SALT II to safeguard essential strategic equivalence between ourselves and the Soviets.

Essential strategic equivalence rests on the explicit assumptions that a) both sides play by the same set of rules,



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b) they cooperate to maintain stability in the strategic balance, and c) there are no significant breakthroughs in offensive or defensive technology. Putting it somewhat differently, Defense Secretary Brown has stated that essential strategic equivalence requires "that the Soviets do not see their strategic nuclear forces as usable instruments for political leverage, diplomatic coercion, or military superiority."

Thus far we have not been able to reach a mutually satisfactory definition of the "same set of rules" in the SALT talks, beyond the treaty banning the ABM and the temporary extension of the Interim Agreement that officially expired in October 1977. The stability of the current strategic balance is being threatened by the Soviets' existing civil defense program, the implications of their war-fighting doctrine, and a series of developments that "disturb" and mystify the Secretary of Defense: a new generation of strategic missiles, the mobile SS-20 (which is now deployed against Western Europe, but which could become intercontinental with the addition of another stage), and a satellite "killer" capacity aimed at our essential command/control system.

THE PATTERN of defense decisions by the Carter Administration thus far suggests that the United States will enter the next decade with its "assured destruction" capability (the foundation for essential strategic equivalence) resting primarily on a single, sea-based system. A sea-based system could be neutralized by an unforeseen technological breakthrough in submarine warfare. Furthermore, a sea-based deterrent system is the most difficult to control, employs the least accurate missiles with the smallest warheads, and inflicts the smallest total damage. It would be least likely to produce that "unacceptable level of damage" to the Soviet Union which is essential for the deterrent effect of the Administration's own Assured Destruction strategy.

Hence, on all counts—an agreed-upon set of rules, stability, the technological question—recent trends and decisions have rendered "essential equivalence" less assured and our own forces more vulnerable. It is difficult to understand why the Soviets should wish to reach an equitable SALT II agreement under circumstances where the passage of time favors their own strategy and their developing nuclear posture.

Under these circumstances the maintenance of strategic equivalence will be neither easy nor certain. It is beguiling to judge nuclear weapons from the point of view of theology rather than strategy. Whatever one's viewpoint, material or inanimate objects, including nuclear bombs, do not possess moral attributes—only the use to which men put such objects qualifies for moral judgment. The President's view seems to be that the risk of employing nuclear weapons threatens us with such intrinsic "evil" that they should be eliminated. This is not unusual. What *is* unusual is that the goal of eliminating them has been allowed to weaken our deterrence ability and the effectiveness of our nuclear strategy, even before any reduction of nuclear weapons has come to pass.

The President's goal of eliminating nuclear weapons is producing an incipient anti-nuclear strategy. All the signs are pointing in this direction. The first is the United States' unilateral restraint on the modernization of its strategic nuclear forces. The second is the re-adoption of the Assured Destruction strategy designed by Secretary of Defense McNamara in the mid-Sixties, when the United States enjoyed decisive strategic superiority.

Oddly enough, with the reversion to an Assured Destruction strategy, the purpose of any employment of our strategic nuclear weapons will be to destroy the residents of Soviet cities rather than Soviet soldiers or missiles. Both the Assured and the Mutual Assured Destruction strategies have been heavily criticized on moral and practical grounds. As former Secretary of Defense Donald H. Rumsfeld put it:

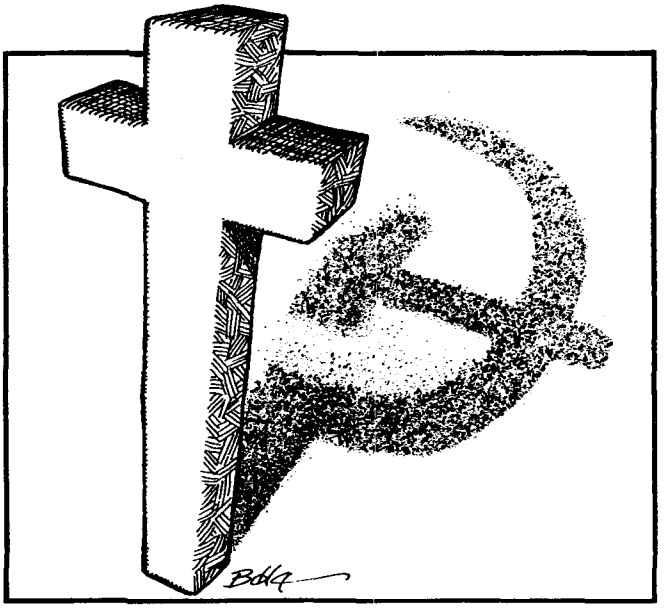
> In the case of a massive surprise counterforce attack, a U.S. retaliation which concentrated on people and cities would not necessarily be a wise response. The Soviets are gaining the capability in an initial counterforce attack to withhold a large percentage of their forces with which they could retaliate in kind. If we struck their cities, they would have strong incentives to do the same.

With the present and projected U.S. and Soviet strategic nuclear force levels, the credibility of a U.S. Assured Destruction strategy is uncertain at best.

The third straw in the wind is the Carter Administration's emphasis on raising the nuclear threshold in Western Europe through some increase in the level of U.S. conventional forces there.

On January 6, 1978, President Carter, visiting NATO's headquarters in Brussels, sought to allay our allies' fears that the U.S. would not protect their interests. Such fears had been aroused by remarks the President himself had made in Warsaw the previous week. What he had said was that after a second-stage strategic arms accord, the United States might "agree with the Soviet Union to start addressing the question of so-called tactical nuclear weapons." Despite some modest improvements in its conventional forces, NATO needs a sizable increase in its ready division strength as well as in its back-up reserve units in order to raise the nuclear threshold significantly. Without that level of conventional forces, any talk about eliminating U.S. nuclear tactical weapons in Europe is premature.

The latest evidence of President Carter's anti-nuclear bias was his decision not to put the neutron bomb into production. Almost a month after he had declared at Wake Forest



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University that we would work closely with "our NATO allies to strengthen and modernize our defenses" in Europe, the President confused our allies and his own Cabinet by abandoning a plan, worked out by his White House staff, to order production of the neutron bomb. In Paris, *Le Monde* observed that "rarely has American confusion and emptiness been so deep." Theo Sommer, editor of the influential Hamburg weekly *Die Zeit*, described the abandoned White House plan as follows:

> The Alliance would take note of Carter's decision to go ahead with production. Washington would then initiate talks with the Soviet Union about trading off the neutron bomb for an appropriate counter-concession, and if these negotiations failed, the Allies would accept the weapon's deployment in Europe.

After experiencing Carter's bungling and waffling, Sommer stated that Germany's Chancellor, Helmut Schmidt, and its Foreign Minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher, cannot help feeling "duped."

Having delayed production of the neutron bomb without gaining any Soviet concessions (reminiscent of his decision to kill the B-1), the President can only order production when the East-West confrontation worsens dramatically —the worst possible time.

Carter is risking—even working toward—a situation in which the United States will not be able to protect its allies—and perhaps may not be able to protect itself

Thus the same unctuous morality which pervades the Carter approach to strategic nuclear weapons appears also to apply to their tactical cousins. The President's feckless decision regarding the neutron bomb can only imperil NATO's confidence in American leadership.

Ironically, arms negotiations (mutual force reductions and SALT II) are now to bear a much heavier burden in assuring U.S. security—at a time when much of the incentive for Moscow to cooperate has been removed.

In seeking arms agreements the United States would be ill-advised to accept even the appearance of strategic inferiority. A recent study by the Council on Foreign Relations assessed the implications of strategic disparity between the superpowers. Its conclusions were: "Under such conditions, it would be foolish (if commendable) for the strong not to act more boldly, and reckless (if admirable) for the weak not to act with greater circumspection."

But even more important than static conditions of strategic inequality are perceptions of trends. If the Soviets sense that the United States is unilaterally cutting back its efforts to maintain strategic nuclear and theater equilibrium, why should they follow suit and forfeit the advantages they perceive in superiority?

A world free of nuclear weapons—indeed, a world free of all weapons—is a utopian proposition with strong roots in American thinking about international affairs. Since the atomic bomb was discovered, many influential observers have looked upon the control of nuclear arsenals as the first order of business to ensure world survival. But control and abolition are two very different things, though the one may be a necessary process in order to achieve the other. From the beginning of SALT, we have sought to stabilize nuclear deterrence on agreed and secure levels as a prelude to reducing U.S.-Soviet competition, at least in the realm of the most destructive weaponry. Thus far we have not succeeded.

What now threatens our security is the fact that, as Secretary of Defense Harold Brown has conceded, the Soviets "have under way a number of large, impressive, and costly strategic programs to strengthen their offensive capabilities, their active defenses, and their passive defense system." Even more perplexing is that the Administration does not grasp the purpose of the Soviet Union's strategic arsenal. Brown concluded: "Exactly why the Soviets are pushing so hard to improve their strategic nuclear capabilities is uncertain."

If in SALT II stability eludes our grasp, essential equivalence must not. The moral purpose of eliminating nuclear weapons should not be permitted to interfere with the necessary business of sustaining our deterrent, for if we fail to achieve that, reduction will prove to be a very one-sided affair.

In a more fundamental sense, President Carter's strategic policy provides us with a deterrent only if the President is categorically committed to launching his submarine-based missiles against Soviet cities. Assured Destruction requires the promise of inevitable U.S. retaliation in the event the Soviets strike. Yet, inevitable retaliation would be unlikely if we slide into a sea-based Monad deterrent. In fact, if U.S. authorities act rationally, there would be no counteraction by a U.S. Monad submarine force. Time for rational thought is implied by the interval between the national authority's launch command and the actual SLBM launch.

In contrast to a Monad force, our present Triad has great versatility: the Minuteman is a force to be launched in haste and anger, the SLBMs make a splendid reserve, and the bomber force is recallable and can be used as a form of saber-rattling. The qualities of a reserve force are not those required for a MAD posture. Furthermore, the operational use of a sea-based force in the MAD mode would be highly immoral.

The Christian does not have the right to use immoral means to achieve moral ends. In short, means are actions that are controllable by men, but what will in fact be the eventual consequence of the use of these means is, like the soldier in Arlington, "known but to God." Thus, if Carter follows Christian teaching, the threat to use U.S. nuclear weapons against Soviet citizens has to be a bluff. It may be that President Carter believes the means are justified by the ends he hopes to achieve and has not yet thought deeply enough about the problem to see the inconsistency here. If he did, he would recognize that his approach is indeed grossly immoral, in that he is risking—even working toward—a situation in which the United States will not be able to protect its allies, or perhaps even itself.

Although the President may not realize this—although he may think he is pursuing a morally right course—most Americans and most of America's allies, if they bothered to understand the issues involved, would deem his emerging nuclear strategy morally lopsided. □

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CITIVIEWS

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Is Capitalism Kaput?

The word "capital" goes back to the Latin *caput,* meaning "head." Unfortunately, it is pronounced like a modern German word, *kaput,* which refers to something that is broken and doesn't work anymore. Many people, not all of whom speak German, seem to believe that this accurately describes the condition of modern capitalism, nor do all of them find this prospect displeasing.

Capitalism has never been good at winning popularity contests. It has always had more practitioners than friends. One reason for this is that it is the least theoretical of all modern economic systems. Or, to put it differently, it is a system where the practice comes first and the theory comes second. Theories of capitalism are mostly descriptive: Given the chance, people tend to behave in certain ways, and capitalist theories consist mainly of attempts to analyze the results. This is in sharp contrast to the various theories of socialism, all of which undertake in one degree or another to describe how people ought to behave—and then set out to create an economic system that will oblige them to do it.

When Marx and Engels published the *Communist Manifesto* in 1848, they used a considerable portion of their rather short document to warn the world against the blandishments of (1) reactionary socialism, (2) feudal socialism, (3) petty-bourgeois socialism, (4) German or "true" socialism, (5) conservative or bourgeois socialism, and (6) critical or Utopian socialism.

Socialism had not yet been established in any country; yet there were already at least six false forms of it for Marx and Engels to warn us against. Can anyone name six false forms of capitalism?

Capitalism began, not with a manifesto or flag, but as a series of economic and social pressures stretched over a long period. The interconnection of these events was perceived only long after the fact, and few if any of them were popular at the time. Their combined effect was revolutionary, and like all revolutions received a poor welcome from those securely situated in the old society.

Marx and Engels, writing at the inception of communism, gave capitalism great credit for its revolutionary role in history. One passage in their *Manifesto* is especially worth examining:

The bourgeoisie, wherever it has got the upper hand, has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound man to his "natural superiors" and has left remaining no other nexus between man and man than naked self-interest, than callous "cash payment." It has drowned the most heavenly ecstasies of religious fervor, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism, in the icy water of egotistical calculation. It has resolved personal worth into exchange value, and in place of the numberless indefeasible chartered freedoms, has set up that single, unconscionable freedom—Free Trade.

Since the authors of this statement clearly disapprove of the "motley feudal ties" that capitalism rent asunder, why does not capitalism emerge a hero? The clue is in that one word, *unconscionable,* which means "unrestrained by conscience." Why is Free Trade unconscionable? Because it is, by definition, free—and free means unrestrained. We are in the presence of a tautology, the absurdity of which can be shown by simply calling it Unrestrained Trade instead of Free Trade; thus capitalism is guilty of engaging in unrestrained Unrestrained Trade.

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This confusion lies at the heart of the conflict between contemporary economic philosophies. If trade in the sense of commercial activity is never to be totally free, then under what restraints should it be compelled to operate, and who shall impose these restraints and by what authority? If conscience is to be one of the restraints, then the question becomes: whose conscience? The answers that society, knowingly or unknowingly, decides to accept today determine the economic system under which it lives tomorrow. This is a continuous struggle among human beings: All that varies from time to time is the intensity and form of the debate.

Two hundred years ago, Jeremy Bentham and his disciples were struggling to establish the principle of utilitarianism as the only proper guide for a statesman's conscience. For all practical purposes, the Benthamites have long since won their argument; all shades of political opinion now accept—at least publicly—the proposition that the only legitimate goal of public policy is the greatest good for the greatest number of people. What was once a controversial social and political movement has now become virtually axiomatic and is simply not discussed.

This very lack of discussion, however, tends to obscure some fundamental questions. Capital, after all, is nothing but the accumulated savings from labor performed in the past—a point on which Adam Smith and Karl Marx could easily agree. So what we are continually asking is: What is to be done with those accumulated savings, how—and whether—they will be replenished once consumed, and who shall designate the decision-makers?

One solution to that problem is an institution called the marketplace. It first appeared as the *agora* in Greek communities around 700 B.C. In contrast to the towns of ancient Mesopotamia, which had no formal marketplaces, the agora was the recognized center of the Greek cities, and it can be persuasively argued that the agora was the dynamic behind the seventh century upsurge of the Aegean peoples that led to classical civilization. As one historian puts it, "With a fistful of coins and an eye for the main chance, the individual had arrived in history."

It is doubtful that any marketplace has ever been completely free. The whole body of regulation by which modern societies set limits to the free play of economic self-interest implies the acceptance, either deliberate or unconscious, of moral standards by reference to which certain kinds of economic conduct are pronounced illegitimate. But even the most ardent believer in the proposition that free competition is "unconscionable" might still harbor doubt about whose conscience, exactly, is to supplant the unconscionable—unless, of course, he has become firmly convinced the conscience should be his own.

In the latter event he still has the problem of persuading the rest of us, which really amounts to moving the action from the marketplace to the political arena. The commonweal is sometimes enhanced by this maneuver, and sometimes diminished. History abundantly demonstrates, however, that people tend to pursue their own self-interest as determinedly in one arena as they do in the other, and that wherever they are free to make their opinions felt politically, some form of marketplace survives.

And where it does not, something has been lost far more precious than a theory or system of economics. It is not capitalism that is kaput, but freedom.

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help!!!!

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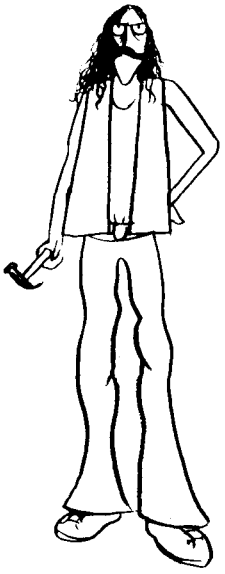
In '99, the French were forced
To sign a treaty which endorsed
The British presence on the Nile,
And war receded for a while.
As Russia funnels massive aid
To any black who'll mount a raid,
The only opposition comes
From Jimmy when he beats his gums.

W. H. VON DREELE



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CARTER FIRES O'NEILL PAL AT GSA
ER,... MR. GRIFFIN?... UM... GUESS WHAT?... SOMETHING JUST OPENED UP FOR YOU AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

"On the other hand, if you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs, Latimer, I'd say you're out of touch with reality!"

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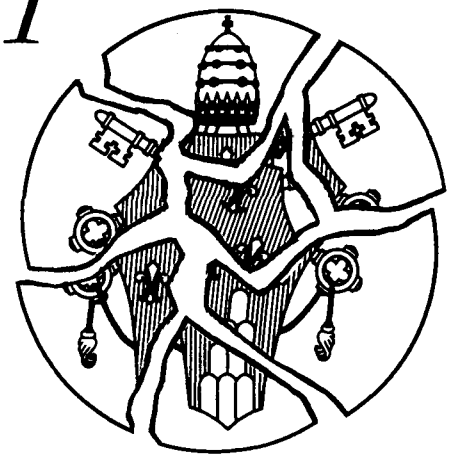
The Pope Is Dead



I. Paul's Legacy

Jacob Neusner

If John was Sadat, Paul was Begin. If John was Kennedy, Paul was Johnson: the one so rich in vision, but not held answerable by history, the other so practical and effective, but in 15 years able to see the consequences of his own work. John and Paul together capture the meaning—and melancholy—of the dreadful middle years of this century. It is no news to observe that John was a hard act to follow. But now that the play is finished, what sort of act was it after all? A tragedy, or a comedy of errors?

One thing seems clear. Paul learned from John—but not the right things. He could not replicate the warmth, no one could have. So he imitated it. But the whole of John was the beautiful soul—impulsive, sincere, deep, a gift of God to a tired and sick world. Beyond that there was little substance to John, for there was not enough time. Had he lived to navigate through the storms which battered the Church in days to come, he might have found himself floundering in heavy seas. Warmth and good will, beautiful, impulsive gestures, touch our hearts. They do not solve our problems. After walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, after all, Jimmy Carter, still had to go into the White House. John did not have to assess the results of his policies, or live with them. Paul did—and did not fully grasp them.

So Paul stood firm on the wrong issues, at the wrong time, and for the wrong audience. His crusade against the Latin Mass is a case in point. The Church made enemies of its loyal friends, its "arch-reactionaries" in the matter of language. And for what benefit? When Latin was driven out of the Mass, what did the faith gain? It was the doctrinaire liberalism of the age which made a burning issue out of what is, in the end, of merely practical consequence. And the practical consequences were uniformly bad. Catholic loyalists were grieved, and Catholic piety profited nothing. The sensible compromises, making a place for both Latin and the vernacular, were too long in coming. The injuries were suffered in a battle which, in victory, yielded nothing worth winning.

On the other hand, issues of doctrine affecting the intimate lives of the faithful by their tens of millions—specifically, the matter of birth control other than through abstinence—found Paul listening to only one voice among many which deserved a hearing. It was a time to say nothing and to let the Church engage in a period of introspection. The issue was joined too soon; the possibilities of give and take were closed off before they were explored. Cross this one line, the line of birth control, and the walls will crumble.

This firmness on one issue stood in stark contrast to a looseness on many others, as priests in secular garb instructed the pious to observe rules whose strictness spoke to another age. This came to be an unbearable contradiction. Worse still, it made the Church appear, in this regard, to be implausible.

It is, therefore, the contradiction between this and that for which, I think, we remember Paul just now. And yet, in his defense, it must be said that he lived in an age of contradictions: he embodied the message of his age. When we perceive these traits badly put together, we see ourselves. But when they fit together and form harmony out of discord, we perceive what we may become.

Words v. Deeds

Paul made his choice: to be conservative in doctrine, liberal in deed. Some friends of the Church and some within the Church might have preferred to reverse matters. For in the end we are what we do, and in Paul's day the Church faced right when it spoke; but it marched to the left.

Seen from one perspective, the conservative theology reassured the faithful. The message raised the vision of an immutable core of doctrine, an unchanging truth from eternity to eternity. The message brought comfort to

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traditionalists and conservatives disturbed by the earthquakes of the age of John. And what was Paul against, if not a "profane and anti-religious mentality"—that is to say, a Catholic equivalent to the unbalanced budget and big government.

Now, who could oppose such deeds as the ending of the Index of condemned books and the simplifying of dress and rite? These are surely not the materials of which revolution and schism are made. And yet, and yet . . . When we consider the documented, sage fears of Malachi Martin and the forebodings of Father Andrew Greeley, when we contemplate the decline of the Catholic system of education and the diminishing numbers of the faithful at communion, we wonder what else has happened. Mr. Martin sees the Church —Paul's Church—turning eastward—and not eastward to Jerusalem. Father Greeley takes the pulse of the American Catholic community and hears a beat not heeded at the heart of the faith. So history may judge that the voice was the voice of immutable truths, but the hand was the hand of deeds forming an uncertain, unsettling future.

Furthermore, the voice itself repeated a message not originating in the depths of the Christian experience, but coming out of other realms entirely. When Paul said, "No man must lack bread, a roof over his head, clothing, and work," no one, East or West, had reason to differ. But some on our side wondered why capitalism ("laissez-faire") should have to share the blame with "atheistic materialism" for the suffering of the world. A few asked out loud whether our system or theirs has thus far written the better record of providing bread, housing, clothes—even work. True, "The poor nations remain poor, while the rich ones become still richer." But why is this so?

We have therefore to wonder whether Paul did not use the formidable moral authority accruing to his office and enhanced by his self-evident, transparent goodness in the service of banality in the leftist mold. Attacks on "giant industries" present a case in point. The exercise of moral authority surely demands something more than clichés borrowed from the Left (or the Right) on the one hand, and trite and banal expressions of devotion to goodness, truth, and beauty, on the other. Whenever we got more than that, we got a theory of economy and society remarkably like that of the non-Communist European Left, and astonishingly unaware of the power and concrete achievements of that different theory of the less directed economies and more open societies of the non-socialist West.

Mr. Neusner, a renowned Jewish theologian, is a professor of religious studies at Brown University.

His Achievement

Yet, in his memory, that is not the most important thing to be said. The most important thing is this: in Paul, all of us, Catholics and others, had, and knew we had, a pope. He always knew who he was and what he represented. To him was committed the heritage of faith and hope, of a claim to truth about earth and heaven, of a vision of the holy life here and the life of salvation in life after death. His were the charge, the care, and the responsibility, as with a professor to whom is given, for a brief time, the ancient legacy of wisdom and truth which the future, in its own time, must claim of the present.

The pope is always the pope. The source of the moral authority is not what a particular pope does, though Paul's dramatic public journeys suggest that he thought what he did mattered; nor even what he was, though all accounts of his character and personality reveal a man of spiritual profundity and personal simplicity and modesty. Paul was a moral figure in his age not because he was Paul, but because he was pope. And Paul acted like a pope. He honored the papacy.

That is what has died, and that is what at this moment we do not know whether we shall see again. So that is what is to be mourned. Paul made the papacy a truly international force, in a way in which, before his day, the world could not have imagined. True, the message was banal. Assuredly, it was going to please the (slightly) Left more than the (slightly) Right. Certainly, he chose as enemies people who did not have to be driven out of the Church, and he nurtured programs not really pertinent to the deepest problems of the day. But what Paul did which lives beyond his age is not this at all. It is the world's engagement with the pope and therefore with the fundament of faith and claim of truth embodied by him in behalf of the Church. This has overspread the world.

John won the imagination of the world outside the Church. Paul demanded the attention of that world. John won the heart and was, and is, mourned and remembered for the great soul that he was. Paul cast down the gauntlet: the Church will speak (even if not always to the point), and the Church will address the world. The Church *will* be heard, because of its

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shepherd and father, its pope. This will endure, the dignity and the inner poise by which the office is left larger than it was, its moral authority essentially intact (if, perhaps, not always wisely exercised), its inner strength enhanced by the concern and consideration of a larger world than Pius or even John could address. The trips, the messages of peace, the persistent effort to speak beyond the walls of the Church—these bespoke Paul's vision that the people of God must be, and are, the men and women of the world, whether or not he, or any of his successors to the end of time, would be the pope and shepherd of them all.

Nor may we lose sight of the man within the office, the human achievement of the man. Could anyone have predicted that the child of a land-holding middle-class family of northern Italy, pursuing nearly the whole of his formative years in Italy and his career within the Vatican, would become a figure capable of forming and sharing a vision with the world? It is one thing to bless the city Rome. It is quite another to bless the world and know and mean the blessing in detail: what it meant to beseech. A provincial from a small country, no great world power, shaped a vision worthy of the world's attention, and so conducted his tenure of office during a difficult time as to leave that office essentially unimpaired and able to serve for the future. That I think is the human achievement. That is something one man did. His death deserves our notice. □

II. A Church Adrift

Malachi B. Martin

At his death in the first week of this August, Pope Paul VI was within sight of his 81st birthday, which would have come on September 26. Over forty of those 81 years were spent in career service at the Vatican; for the last 15, he ruled the Roman Catholic Church as the Bishop of Rome, the 263rd successor of St. Peter, and in Catholic belief the personal representative of Jesus Christ in this world. It is not mere idle commentary to say that this man, born and baptized in the town of Concessio as Giovanni Battista Enrico Antonio Maria Montini, altered the course and the destiny of his Church's institutions more profoundly than any pope since his namesake, Paul IV, in the sixteenth century, and as fatefully as Pope Gregory I, one thousand years before, in the sixth century.

Having none of the ruthlessness and cold calculation that quickens those who walk alone on the peaks of supreme power, Paul was deeply pious, gregarious, and affectionate; certain of his faith, even if he could not radiate the power of that certainty to the crowd; of unswerving loyalty and automatic compassion, and with a playful, sometimes mischievous sense of humor. His intellectual and theological models were French, as was his mode of reasoning. This in itself is the portrait of a pastor, not of a shaper of human destiny.

Builder of Bridges

But Paul also listened to some dictates of history which those around him could not hear. As his colleagues in Vatican service used to say of him years ago, *Montini come la Santa a le sue voce* (Montini, like Joan of Arc, has his "voices"). He was thus convinced that neither capitalism nor democracy as we have known them could survive through the Eighties. And he foresaw no possibility that his churchly institution could endure as he found it when he became Pope in June 1963. Obedient to those intuitions, he turned Vatican global policy to the revolutionary movement of the Third World. He built bridges to the authoritarian regimes of the Communist bloc. He radically altered the modes of worship and thinking among his own 713 million Roman Catholics, suppressing any rightist trend, and at least not curbing the left-wing tendency of theologians, intellectuals, and social activists.

Like many leaders of men today, however, Paul rapidly found that his chosen role had tangled him with elemental and primary forces let loose in assault on the foundations of society. He had touched on some deep twist in the heart of the human cosmos. Hence, he found it necessary to take up rigidly traditional standpoints on fundamental moral questions such as sexuality, contraception, abortion, homosexuality, priestly celibacy, women's ordination, the existence of the Devil, his own infallibility as Pope. He could not come to terms with an evil that neither has nor seeks any self-justification. But his fierce assertions on these topics contrasted strangely in the eyes of many with the liberalizing and left-wing social and political directions along which he led his Church.

Dutiful Bereavement

To Paul's chagrin, the body of Catholic believers split in three ways: the traditionalists shouting in extreme alarm; the progressives trumpeting in clamor for the ultimate steps in Church "democratization"; and the central mass of Catholics, whose very confusion made them wary of traditionalists while their faith repelled them from progressives. In the pontificates of Pius XII and John XXIII, Catholics had no doubt where they stood—or at least should stand. In the Church of Paul VI, all effective leadership failed. He has left to his successor a disheveled institution and a largely bewildered membership bedeviled by two utterly contradictory tendencies. This may explain why at Paul's death there has not been —as there was when Pius and John passed away—any real outpouring of popular grief, any deeply felt sense of loss, any joyous expectation of his successor. One senses, rather, a dutifully expressed bereavement coupled with some elements of a shapeless apprehension for the near future.

Nevertheless, throughout his last years, Paul maintained his personal balance. He never lost his *manners* at the moments of panic. At the most, his answer to men who had obviously used his compassion for ends he could not approve was a hurting, helpless anger. He bore extreme pain courageously. The world will not easily forget the televised image of Paul during the Easter ceremonies of 1977 carrying a wooden cross for hours in the rain, slowly, painfully, eschewing all help. But events took their toll. The lines etched in his face were not the record

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Willmoore Kendall:

Philosopher of Consensus

I. Kendall's Fundamental Position

JEFFREY HART

DURING THE WINTER of 1966, Willmoore Kendall visited me for two weeks at Oxford, an incredible, marvelous, phantasmagoric two weeks. One afternoon, after we had spent quite a bit of time at a pub called The Turf, Willmoore disclosed to me one of his important goals. He wanted to be the intellectual leader of modern American conservatism. At the time this seemed to me rather quaint. I had just published a book celebrating the various strands of conservatism, and I regarded variety as strength. Moreover, after we left The Turf and were walking along High Street in the dusk, Willmoore collapsed against a Gothic wall in acute pain from angina and took a nitro pill. His prospects of becoming that intellectual leader did not seem very bright to me.

I was wrong. I now believe firmly that Kendall's position, though it is not widely or fully grasped, really *is* the essence of American conservatism, and that it will increasingly be recognized as such.

I say not widely or fully grasped. Kendall has not prevailed because he has not been understood. Much of the reason lies in his mode of presentation. As Henry Regnery reports, Kendall realized that he had a mind "which is capable of seizing upon parts of a problem." The result was an extremely fragmentary production, and a failure to pull the entire position into a coherent statement. Nevertheless, Kendall's final position had a formidable coherence and consistency; it represented a distinctive American conservatism, as against English, French, or Spanish conservatism; and it seems to me that all it needs to prevail is a brief and clear articulation, which I will now try to provide.

Kendall's conservatism consists of a doctrine about how political decisions ought to be made. It may sound pretty tame—purely a matter of procedures—but, believe me, it is not. This is a fighting issue, in the past and perhaps in the near future a bloody one.

It certainly became a fighting issue in 1776, and it would be instructive if we tried to put ourselves in the shoes of those Founding Fathers for just a moment. They looked back from their late eighteenth century perspective upon a broad historical landscape, stretching back to Rome, the Rome of the Empire, of course, and behind that the Rome of Caesar and the Rome of the Republic. Still earlier political examples could be discerned. Those Virginia planters and Massachusetts merchants knew their Livy but also their Thucydides. Absorbing history, reflecting upon their own experience, they came up with something entirely novel. They were pregnant intellectually with an enormous project. They would create the largest self-governing republic since ancient Rome, one that this time, unlike the Roman republic, would endure.

It is extremely important to understand the theory to which they subscribed, and, indeed, to which Kendall subscribed—the theory which, today, remains the central issue of our politics. The United States Constitution devised at Philadelphia during that hot summer of 1787 is a Deliberate Sense document.

It assumes that people, living their lives, accumulate experience and knowledge. It means to prevent them from converting temporary moods and transitory judgments into public policy. Waves of popular feeling will not prevail. This novel instrument of government puts all sorts of buffers in the way of popular feeling. There is no need to remind you of them: a bicameral legislature, a presidential veto, a Supreme Court, a federal system of states, and so on. These procedural buffers were intended to ensure that the "sense" of the people would indeed be "deliberate." Nothing really serious could happen without due reflection and the formation of a consensus. Nevertheless, in the end, the "sense" of the people would prevail.

As Kendall was fond of pointing out, the Preamble to the Constitution, in which the goals of the new government are set forth, makes no mention of rights. The new government will "form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, ensure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty." Those goals, moreover, are syntactically equal, none given precedence. Thus, "We, the people," will through the exercise of our deliberate sense, decide whether, for example, "domestic tranquillity" or the "common defense" should take precedence over

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"justice." Maybe they should and maybe they should not, depending upon circumstances.

I do not suppose I need to say that I revere this theory of government and the men who devised it. I learned to appreciate it fully from Willmoore Kendall, who revered it too.

Nevertheless, there has grown up in our midst, like a viper in the bosom, an entirely different and contradictory theory. This viper theory appeals not to the deliberate sense of the people but to the theoretical absolutes, and it stands in flat contradiction to the theory of self-government. It is certainly plausible to discern in this new viper theory a recognizable modern analogue of just the kind of thing the Founders of our country defeated on the field of battle and utterly rejected at Philadelphia in 1787, in the name of self-government.

THE VIPER theory proposes a government based not on the deliberate sense of the people but on theoretical absolutes and bureaucratic *Diktat*. These theoretical absolutes cannot be found in the plain language of the Constitution, of course, because they contradict the deliberate sense theory on which the Constitution is based. An absolute is an imperative, not the product of deliberation.

The theoretical absolutes are discerned, first of all, in the "created equal" clause of the Declaration—though such a reading of that clause is utterly unhistorical. They are also discerned in the First and Fourteenth Amendments—need it be said, by tortured "interpretation." My assertions in this regard are not at all novel. They are central to Willmoore Kendall's position and they are fully supported by the work of such scholars as the late Professor Alexander Bickel of Yale, Professor George Carey of Georgetown, and Professor Raoul Berger of Harvard.

In his recent book on the misuse of the Fourteenth Amendment, indeed, Professor Berger provides an overwhelming demonstration of the way in which the Constitution has been twisted out of shape for supposedly benign purposes. (I would like to call attention to the fact that *Government by Judiciary: The Transformation of the Fourteenth Amendment*, which demolishes the intellectual foundations of much liberal jurisprudence, though it has been accorded due respect, has not had anything like the celebrity of Berger's 1973 book *Impeachment*. Question of relevance, I suppose.)

The conflict between "deliberate sense" and "theoretical absolutes" is a profound matter. The people, in their deliberate sense, on the basis of their lived experience, will, in Kendall's opinion and the opinion of the Founders, affirm what is true, valuable, feasible. That deliberate sense, as Kendall frequently pointed out, will not effectuate a whole spectrum of liberal projects both egalitarian and libertine. The deliberate sense tradition has therefore come under corrosive assault by a heretical "rights" theory that has no constitutional legitimacy, and which is imposing upon the people things that simply go against the grain of their common sense. For the royal officials of the 1770s, merely substitute the liberal judiciary of the 1970s.

An interpretation of the First Amendment, for example, which legitimizes every excess—which, as Irving Kristol has remarked, says that it is legal for an adult woman to have sexual intercourse on the public stage so long as she is paid the minimum wage—this, Kendall would assert, is not government according to the principles of the Founders. And he would agree with me in my hope that Americans will not long continue to put up with it, any more than they put up with a capricious rule from England in the eighteenth century.

That then is the shape of the issue, and where the line should be drawn. Let us recognize and remember that in our time Kendall was the thinker to define the essential issues and the essential struggle for self-government. □

II. *The Stormy Sage of Northford*

HENRY REGNERY

OF ALL THE distinctive and unique personalities the conservative movement has produced, there has been none more exasperating, more unpredictable, and intellectually more penetrating and uncompromising than Willmoore Kendall.

Kendall was an enormously gifted and, as is often the case with such people, complex man. He was born in a small town in Oklahoma, the son of a Southern Methodist minister. His father was blind, in consequence of which Kendall became accustomed at an early age to reading aloud to his father and discussing with him what he had read. He finished high school at 13, entered Northwestern University the same year, and graduated from the University of Oklahoma at 18. He was a graduate student under Francis Wilson at the University of Illinois and a Rhodes scholar at Oxford; an incipient trend to the Left was brought to a decisive end by first-hand experience of the Communists in Spain, just before the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, as a United Press correspondent. Kendall was terribly contentious, but he could

Mr. Regnery founded the Henry Regnery Company in 1947. His new publishing house, Gateway Editions, founded in 1977, has recently brought out a new edition of Whittaker Chambers' Witness. *Mr. Regnery is also an associate editor of* Modern Age.

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also be a warm and generous friend. He was never one to accept anything at face value; he arrived at his conclusions on the basis of hard and rigorous thought; and he was without doubt one of the few really original and creative figures in the field of political theory in his time. Difficult as he was personally, we would be much poorer without the legacy of Willmoore Kendall.

When it was that I first met Kendall I cannot now remember, but it must have been fairly early in my publishing career, since he made numerous suggestions for additions to our paperback Gateway Series and gave us an accurate, scholarly translation of Rousseau's *The Social Contract*. In any case, the following letter arrived one day from Kendall, dated Northford, Connecticut, February 8, 1962, and, as was his habit at the time, written, in his clear, precise hand, in bright green ink.

> I propose to have ready to go (I'm using the sections for my lecture here at Georgetown) about two months from now an Intelligent Undergraduate's Guide to Contemporary American Conservatism, all by way of answer to the omnipresent question, What Is Conservatism Anyhow? There'll be chapters on The Old Sage of Mecosta, The Pseudo-Sage of Ithaca, The Rubbed Sage of Woodstock, The Young Sage of Stamford, The Muscleminded Sage of Kent, and The Nascent Sage of Indianapolis—and *not* all from the standpoint of the Worried Sage of Northford, but rather from that of the "movement" as he sees it to be shaping up . . .
>
> How interested might you be in such a book, and what might you undertake to do for me in re getting it out fastish?

I answered this letter on February 12, in a manner, as his reply soon made apparent, which was much too brusque and presumptuous:

> I was glad to have your letter of February 8.
>
> Your proposed book sounds most interesting, and I would like to see it. The only problem I can see is that I have already committed myself to two other books which might compete with yours, but I can tell better after I have seen it.
>
> Send along the manuscript. I look forward to reading it with pleasure.

Rather than the manuscript I had expected to read "with pleasure," I received a long, violent letter, written, contrary to his usual practice, on a typewriter, probably for greater emphasis. I will quote only enough to give its flavor:

> Apparently I stated myself badly in my recent letter—or, failing that, you misread it. In either case, you seem to have got the impression that I was *courting* the honor of having my book published by your company. Now: that is very far from being the case: I'd *much* rather, other things being equal, have my book published by a regular publisher on the East Coast . . . any book you publish starts with a couple of strikes against it because (see my recent letter) of your lack of discrimination, at the margin, about whom you publish . . . as you indicate in your letter, your problem is to keep such books as my own from getting in each other's way—which I would not *dream* of letting mine do, on *your* list, to any of the other things you have coming up. . . . I'd *like* to do business with you. But it seems to me that you make it impossible for one to do so, and that is to say that henceforth, failing some long overdue gestures on your part, I am not even trying to do so.
>
> Let me add, in case you might feel this letter is imprudent: My files contain many interesting things, but no unpublished manuscripts by
>
> Yours sincerely,

The letter was signed "Willmoore," in green ink, with an elegant flourish beneath—the flourish made me feel that it was not to be taken too tragically. I replied on March 5 that if he had no confidence in our competence as publishers it would be better if he went to someone else, and added that in view of this, I was surprised that he had ever suggested the book to me at all. I ended my letter with the comment:

> I respect your work and what you have done, and I think that I have made it clear at various times that I would like to have a book from you. For fear of causing more misunderstanding, perhaps I had better leave it at that.

IT ALL WORKED out amicably, as I think was often the case with Willmoore's battles. The "regular publisher on the East Coast," not surprisingly, was not interested; the manuscript came to us, and, fortunately, it turned out not to be the "sages" manuscript announced in his first letter, but the book we published the following year as *The Conservative Affirmation*—the title, as I remember, was our contribution to the project.

Kendall's book was only moderately successful—we printed six thousand copies and sold, during the first year or two, about 3,800 of them—but in spite of that we remained friends, which, all things considered, I felt was no mean achievement.

Kendall was an accomplished and prolific letter writer. I received dozens of letters from him, some of them pages long, all as interesting as they were unpredictable, and all bearing the unmistakable stamp of his unique personality. The most frequent subject, not surprisingly, was some book project or other—a translation, an addition to our Gateway Series, or a book of his own, which was usually to be a collection of previously published articles. When I protested that such books are always particularly difficult to sell, and urged him to sit down and write a "real book," or "book-book," as he called it, he explained his position at great length, concluding, in one letter, "I have a mind which is capable of seizing upon *parts* of a problem that I can sense rather than define, and feel, as of any given moment, capable merely of dealing with one by one and even that, often, only under pressure I invite, as with the Prayer Decision piece, by agreeing to lecture on it . . ." In another letter, replying to similar objections on my part to his suggestion that he put together a series of articles as a sequel to *The Conservative Affirmation*, he replied:

> As for the sequel to *CA* . . . let's forget it: I wouldn't dream of reworking all those materials in the way you suggest, because, frankly, while I'm familiar with the argument you employ, I've never been able to make any sense of it. Many of the greatest books of our time (Strauss's *Natural Right and History*, Murray's *We Hold These Truths*, Weaver's *Ethics of Rhetoric*) would never have seen the light of day if the implicit rule were applied. . . . People don't all write in the same way: some of us like to start down a road and take up the problems we find as we come to 'em, and gain strength as we go by publishing the bits and hearing some criticism. . . .

Characteristically Kendallian is the following from a letter written after

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a visit with the German economist Wilhelm Roepke in Geneva:

> I saw Roepke a couple of days after you did, and as preparation reread *Civitas Humana*. The translation is not as bad as I remembered it being. . . . I still think it is his most important book.
>
> Roepke and I probably didn't hit it off extra well: he was very shocked at the thesis of my Rousseau volume, and again when I didn't back down after he had stated the most obvious objections, e.g. 1) Some very bright people have read Rousseau differently, and 2) Who ever heard of such a thing? As for 1) my answer is: Most of them simply don't know enough about Rousseau to be talking about him; and as for 2) Who cares? I begin to think that the right-wing intellectuals (e.g., Kirk; e.g., Roepke) need a personal devil to blame for everything, an Arch-Enemy with a Great Name, and having adopted poor, harmless Jean-Jacques, are going to be very reluctant to give him up, if only because the single remaining candidate is the really Guilty Party, namely Locke, whom they have always whitewashed.

My most pleasant memory of Willmoore Kendall is of a quiet evening with him in Paris. He invited me to dinner in a small, simple neighborhood restaurant, run, apparently by a husband and wife with the help of a large cat. He was greeted cordially, and we spent the evening talking—Kendall was a good talker, and when in the mood, as he was that evening, a stimulating and enjoyable companion. He told me that he had always done his best work in Paris, and that it was in this restaurant that he had done much of the work on the translation of Rousseau's *Social Contract*, which had included many long discussions with Bertrand de Jouvenel about the meaning of certain obscure passages. Why is it, I wondered then, and have wondered many times since, that such a man as Willmoore Kendall, born and raised in a small town in Oklahoma and as American as it is possible to be, should feel able to do better work in a small Paris restaurant than amid the Gothic splendors of Yale? When Kendall wrote that the conservative's "highest political loyalty is to the institutions and way of life bequeathed to us by the Philadelphia convention," he meant it, and spent much of his active life illuminating and defending those institutions; why then should he have felt more at home in the capital of France than in the capital of his own country?

It was not, certainly, a matter of political loyalty to France, nor even a feeling of cultural affinity to French life; rather, it was that in Paris he could be himself, without having to make an issue of it. He was taken for what he was, for better or for worse; in New Haven, or wherever else it may have been, he felt compelled to fight a continual battle to be himself. Yale paid Kendall nearly $50,000 to be rid of him—he had tenure and could not be fired—not because he was an ineffective teacher or an unproductive scholar but because, with his talk about "shared beliefs," his principled anti-Communism, his contentious, aggressive personality (made all the more so by Yale), he had become a serious aggravation.

The last four years of Kendall's life were relatively tranquil. He accepted a professorship in 1963 at the University of Dallas, where he was appreciated, and after two unsuccessful marriages found happiness in a third. A long letter dated only "Tuesday," which must have been in 1966, ends "the Rota finally came through ten days ago [with the annulment of his two previous marriages], and I'm to be married at the University of Dallas chapel on 6 August. It should be quite a turning point as regards my work: the first peace I have known since I went to Yale in 1947, which is nigh unto twenty years ago." He died in 1967 at the age of 58. Willmoore Kendall was not always appreciated during his lifetime, but for all the perversity of his nature he was a man of uncompromising intellectual integrity. Those who knew him, in person or through his work, will not soon forget him. □

Bella Abzug and Hecate

Bella Abzug: Yes, I'll be happy to show you around,
Provided you promise not to tell anyone that I've found
The right mix of erratic bats, steatopygic slugs, improbable mushrooms.
And other Gothic heirlooms
To summon you up, old girl.
Hecate: Bella, you're a pearl
To put yourself out
When, no doubt,
You have so much haunting of your own to do right here
On your native, turf, dear.
Bella: No trouble at all, Hecate.
I'm sure that becate
Heath
You are not beneath
The same hospitality
To me.
Hecate: You better believe it. There's a standing invitation for
Your induction at the next witch-in on the moor.
Hat and all.
Bella: Sounds like a ball.
I'll try to make it on my next trip abroad.
Hecate: I'm awed
At how you zoom
Around; you must have one of those new lunar-powered broom-
Sticks I read about in a magazine.
Think you might be able to scare one up for the Queen
Of the Witches?
Bella: No sweat. The only hitch is,
After a couple of flights, you turn into a very dull
Hex symbol.

—Johannes Eff

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THOUGHTS ASTRAY

The Bitterness of Wisdom

MURRAY KEMPTON

"[Our hearts] must endure the load of the gifts from Heaven: the curse of facts and the blessing of illusions."
—Conrad

THE YEARS wear on, and I find myself more and more at rest with the curse and less and less in need of the blessing. The attic of my head seems to have no room left in it for any fragment of the lesson of any master that is not downright with the bitterness of wisdom:

Captain Shotover asking Hector, "Do you think the laws of God will be suspended in favor of England because you were born in it?" Or Yeats offering his thanks to Balzac for teaching him to be neither Jacobin nor Jacobite. Or Melbourne, after having been persuaded into making concessions to the Irish and finding them thereupon peskier than ever, observing without surprise, "What all the wise men promised has not happened and what all the damned fools predicted has come to pass."

Or Swann, when his sufferings over Odette have diminished into domesticity, reflecting on all the years when he had longed for death because of someone "who did not please me, who was not even in my style."

And yet . . . A few days ago, I encountered two copies of my most recent book in an *outdoor* bin of remaindered *paperbacks*. Who, I had until then wondered, rescues terminal beggars like these? Of course: their progenitors, to bury their embarrassment. Burying mine turned out to be so much a bargain that I had change enough left to carry along a Prentice-Hall anthology of modern poetry. One ought in decency to have at least as much care for Eliot's self-esteem and for Hopkins' as for one's own.

Just now, from having nothing better than work to do, I took up this bit of salvage, and it opened to:

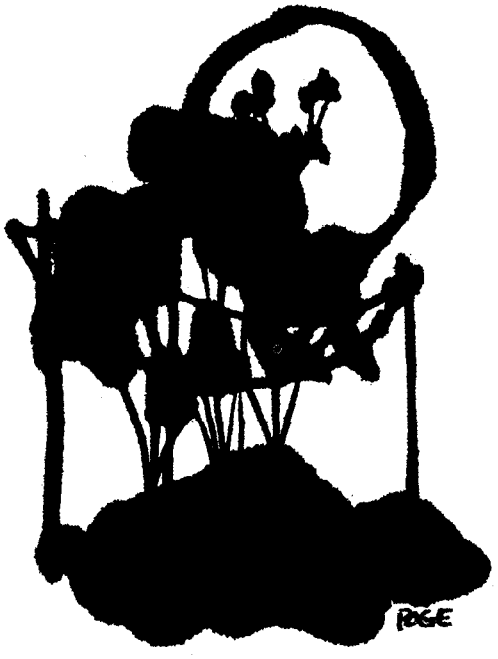
WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN

III

SEMI-CHORUS

Joseph, Mary, pray for those
Misled by beauty and the rose,
For all in our perplexity.
Lovers who hear a distant bell
That tolls from somewhere in their head
Across the valley of their dream . . .
Pray for us, enchanted with
The green Bohemia of that myth . . .
Pray for us romantics, pray.

And, until this divine combination of accidents, I had never read Auden. It occurs to me that there is an undercurrent of sentiment in these lines that has very little to do with the home life of Anita Bryant and consort. But no matter. *Joseph, Mary, pray for those/ Misled by beauty and the rose/ Pray for us romantics, pray.* How could I have forgotten that, among the tricks that the conspiracy of life has in store, lying in wait for us until we die, are the delights of surprise and the consolations of folly?



We have just entered the third year since James R. Hoffa went to whatever bourne an unaware Operating Engineer happened to be paving over at the time. This anniversary calls up the ghost of a conversation Hoffa and I had twenty years or so ago. I had idly wondered about his preference for convicted felons as adjutants in his version of the war of the classes. "I'm safer hiring a guy with a sheet," he explained. "He won't cross me. He can't get a job anywhere else."

Even the guileful—perhaps especially the guileful—have their tragic martyrs to innocence. Pretty much every felon who owed the profit of his rehabilitation to Hoffa deserted him when he went to prison and ceased to be a resource. When he disappeared, the law's suspicions pointed only to persons who had risen in his service. An immediate object of the grand jury's curiosity was Anthony Provenzano, who had been blooming unseen in the indecent obscurity of a New Jersey Teamsters local until Hoffa made him an official of the International Brotherhood. When he appeared for explanations that have not even yet proved entirely satisfactory, he brought along as counsel William Buffalino, who had been Hoffa's lawyer when there was still revenue to be had in carrying Hoffa's briefs.

The roster of Jimmy Hoffa's betrayers is a roll-call of his beneficiaries. He went through his ruin and to his end still the unspotted victim of his belief that villainy has its standards no less than virtue. The life was an uninterrupted romantic illusion that could live in the company of so many felons and never discover that the disreputable are as proof against the promptings of honor and fidelity as anyone respectable could ever be. □

Mr. Kempton is a columnist for the New York Post, *a former editor of* The New Republic, *and a reviewer for* The New York Review of Books. *His most recent books are* America Comes of Middle Age *and* The Briar Patch.

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M. STANTON EVANS

Outlawing 'Fairness'

AMONG THE MANY aspects of the Watergate affray that allegedly horrified right-thinking people was the reported effort of the Nixon Administration to manipulate the national media.

Such, at any event, was the general thrust of a memorandum written by Nixon campaign aide Jeb Magruder, spelling out the steps that might be taken to bring unfriendly media types into line with the official Nixon outlook. Included in Magruder's list of proposals were suggestions that the antitrust laws be brought to bear against the TV networks; that the Internal Revenue Service take a careful look at certain tax returns; and that the Federal Communications Commission and its "fairness doctrine" be utilized against broadcasters seen as being negative toward the Nixon program.

Kennedy Did It Too

Though there was never much attention given to the parallel, this Nixon-era memo closely resembled a document written a dozen years before, in the regime of President John F. Kennedy. The author of this earlier memo was Victor Reuther of the United Auto Workers; the recipient, the Attorney General, Robert Kennedy. This missive also urged the use of government powers against dissenters from official doctrine, with conservative rather than liberal spokesmen as the targets. Among the recommended measures were resort to the Internal Revenue Service, and to the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations. Again, however, the major stress was on the use of the FCC's "fairness doctrine," permitting regulation of program content, as the handiest instrument of repression.

That this program was adopted, and deployed effectively against a number of conservative commentators, is the burden of Fred Friendly's book *The Good Guys, the Bad Guys, and the First Amendment*. Under the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, Friendly reveals, the administrators at the FCC were able to make it inconveniently hot for right-wing dissenters in the broadcast media. Faced with onerous balancing requirements from the FCC, many stations found it simpler to drop broadcasts by Clarence Manion, Carl McIntire, or Billy James Hargis. (McIntire also had a radio station license lifted for alleged "fairness" violations.)

Despite the lessons allegedly learned from Watergate, the potential for abuse suggested by such episodes has never been corrected. If anything, the problem of excessive government regulation in the communications field has grown progressively worse. The FCC retains the power to grant or withhold licenses from all broadcasters in the United States, on the grounds that somebody has to apportion out the frequencies. From this authority has flowed not only the concept of regulated "fairness," but also the "equal time" and "right of reply" provisions, all asserting the power of the agency to monitor content—a constellation of federal responsibilities that makes commercial broadcasting one of the most heavily regulated industries in the nation.

Now, however, there is a proposal before the Congress which would correct this situation by greatly limiting the power of the politicians to regulate the broadcast media. The bill in question is HR-13015, the Communications Act of 1978, co-sponsored by Representatives Lionel Van Deerlin (D., Calif.) and Louis Frey (R., Fla.). This bill would completely revamp communications laws in the United States, replacing not only the existing statute on such matters but the agency which administers it. And while the proposal is less than perfect, it comes a lot closer to authentic reform than anything else suggested in recent years.

The core of the Van Deerlin-Frey proposal is deregulation, especially in the realm of radio. Under HR-13015, licenses for radio broacasting would be issued on an indefinite basis, revocable only for cause, rather than being subject to three-year renewal by the FCC as is the case today. In addition, as suggested some years ago by former FCC Chairman Richard Wiley, radio broadcasters would be exempted from the fairness doctrine, on the plausible ground that there are more than sufficient radio stations (seven thousand nationwide; thirty and more in each of the major markets) to ensure diversity of opinion.

In fact, the bill would abolish outright the authority of the Federal Government to regulate the program content of radio broadcasts in any manner whatsoever. It would deregulate the TV industry more gradually, extending the licensing period from three years to five, moving toward indefinite licensure ten years after the bill's adoption. "Fairness" content regulation would be replaced with an "equity" principle which would maintain federal stewardship over TV content but do so in a more generalized fashion than is the case at present.

Some Weaknesses

The authors adopt a more restrictive view of TV stations than of radio, reasoning that there are fewer TV outlets and thus a greater need for government surveillance. Still, the bill envisions transferring the deregulatory approach from audio to video in the relatively near future. And—among the most important features of the proposal—it would open the way for full-scale competition by totally exempting cable television from the restraints of federal regulation.

There are some negative features in the bill, including an obvious antipathy to vertical integration in the industry and some other features that cut against the deregulation grain (multiple ownership, for instance, would be much more severely limited than under present law). One hopes that these provisos would be changed or modified before adoption, but even with them the bill would, on balance, be a substantial improvement over the existing situation. All in all, HR-13015 is an excellent example of liberals and conservatives reaching a consensus on the need for deregulation, then taking some practical steps to achieve it. □

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Books Arts & Manners

Laffing Gas

The Way the World Works
By Jude Wanniski
Basic, 319 pp., $12.95

GEORGE GILDER

Forty-three years ago, John Maynard Keynes announced that he was "writing a book . . . which will largely revolutionize . . . the way the world thinks about economic problems." His book was *The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*, and it is safe to say that no book of economics since then has been launched with such bravado or has achieved such influence.

Now Jude Wanniski has launched an anti-Keynesian book, described it as his own "general theory," and called it, with similar bravado, *The Way the World Works*. And although this ebullient son of a coal miner might seem an unlikely successor to the urbane dandy of Bloomsbury, Wanniski and his associate Arthur Laffer have achieved an overnight influence of nearly Keynesian proportions.

Until this book, Wanniski's pulpit had been the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal*. He recently resigned, however, after being ambushed at a New Jersey railroad depot by several of his bosses from Dow Jones, who caught him, *flagrante delicto*, committing politics with Senate candidate Jeffrey Bell. But Wanniski had already accomplished most of his journalistic goals, largely revolutionizing the economic ideas of the Republican Party. The next step, as the end of his book implies, is to elect Jack Kemp, or some other Lafferite Republican, to the Presidency.

Wanniski's key concept is the Laffer curve, which shows that lower tax rates can bring in higher tax revenues. The Laffer curve, in fact, has emerged as a Republican answer to the political magic of Keynes. Regardless of all the abstruse and fascinating analysis in *The General Theory*, Keynes's essential appeal was his gospel of plenty: that high living can make you rich, that austerity is a snare, that prosperity comes from spending. Wanniski's "general theory" is similarly seductive: austerity is again the nemesis of growth; balanced budgets are a disabling fetish of conservatism; government spending is here to stay, so why fight it? Fund it, with the lower taxes that the people love.

> Lower taxes will release so much business activity that revenues will rise. The secret of prosperity is to lower the rates every year, as the Japanese have done. Keynes should have thought of it himself. Rather than belaboring high interest rates as the source of most economic trouble (Keynes wanted to lower *them* every year), he should have given us a Keynes curve to replace the "Keynesian Cross" that we have so long had to bear.

In both "general theories," growth depends entirely on the subjective confidence and "spontaneous optimism" of the investor. Keynes never got as far away from Say's Law (supply creates its own demand) as Wanniski charges and Keynes himself claimed. In *The General Theory*, Keynesian demand is mostly in the mind of the supplier. Even his central concept of effective demand is based on *anticipated* profits, "the proceeds that entrepreneurs expect to receive."

What differentiates Wanniski from the modern "commercial Keynesians" who urge tax cuts to stimulate consumption is his bold call for more regressive rates. Tax cuts or "reforms" that return more to the poor than to the rich merely increase the progressiveness of the system and thus reduce incentive to move up. Rebates, too, are useless, because they do not affect expectations.

In the Wanniski model, a less progressive tax structure can actually reduce the tax burden on the poor, while more progressive rates may increase it. When rates are lowered in the top brackets, the rich invest more money and pay more taxes in absolute amounts; and the lower and middle classes need pay less to sustain a given level of government services. In recent years, steeply progressive rates, exacerbated by inflation, have steadily reduced the productivity of the upper economic classes in the West and thus have forced steady enlargement of the tax burden on the middle class. This situation, if you are lucky, ends in middle class tax revolts, but it is caused by upper class rates and, ironically, will be worsened by reducing taxes on the middle class alone. This is the dead

Guy Davenport, *critic and short story writer, teaches English at the University of Kentucky. . . .* **George Gilder**, *author of* Sexual Suicide *and* Visible Man, *is at work on a book about wealth and poverty. . . .* **Selden Rodman** *is a poet, critic, and historian, and a student of black primitive art.*

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end of egalitarianism: To help the poor and the middle-class, one must cut the taxes of the rich.

These realities are dramatized in England and Sweden, where the higher rates bring in negligible amounts of revenue and anyone who strikes it rich immediately flees to Malta or Malibu to shelter his winnings, leaving the immobile middle class to pay the taxes. But Wanniski demonstrates that the effects of progressive taxation as taught in the West are most devastating in the Third World, where brain drain and capital flight stifle the impulses of growth. In the U.S., the drastic decline in receipts from capital gains taxes after the rates were raised in 1973 shows that economic emigration can occur internally as well; potential investors simply withdraw their money from its most productive and taxable uses.

ACCORDING TO Wanniski, the real burden of a tax is revealed not by the usual measure of the total revenue it raises, but by the level of its marginal rates and their impact on motives and expectations. This distinction is usually missed by economists comparing tax burdens in different countries, and was repeatedly missed by Administration critics of the Steiger Amendment cutting the tax rate on capital gains. Treasury Department lobbyists argued that the existing 49 per cent top bracket could not be important since it accounted for little revenue. In fact, the very lack of revenue revealed its devastating impact on the incentive to achieve capital gains.

The Wanniski argument also contains an international monetary dimension, inspired by the ideas of Robert Mundell of Columbia. Wanniski was first attracted to Mundell and Laffer when they emerged as the world's only notable economists to predict that Nixon's dramatic barrage of 1971—the import surcharge, the wage and price controls, the dollar devaluation, the break with gold, and the subsequent Smithsonian agreement to float the world's currencies—would produce inflation, unemployment, and runaway commodity prices.

Laffer could show that 55 previous instances of devaluation around the world had promoted inflation rather than exports; and Mundell maintained that, disconnected from gold and thus from any global constraints, money would not float; it would fly beyond the reach of the central banks and attach itself to oil. Moreover, the international inflation would take place in an environment of nearly universal progressive taxation. Incomes everywhere would move steadily into higher brackets, and the consequent dulling of incentives and depreciation of capital would produce a recession to go with the inflation: stagflation.

Wanniski joins a growing band of economists who contradict the prevailing view that taxes "sop up excess demand" and lower prices. The Wanniski argument is that progressive taxes deter production without diminishing the money supply and therefore in the long run create the classic inflationary situation of too much money chasing too few goods. Other economists take the more radical stance that taxes are directly and most immediately inflationary. As David Warsh has developed this position in *Forbes* magazine, inflation in recent years is best characterized as the *diffusion* through the price structure of the rising costs of government, as businesses and individuals alike pass on tax increases in the form of higher pay demands and prices. This theory jibes well with Wanniski's contention that the anarchic global expansion of money and credit has removed much of the power of the Federal Reserve to curb the money supply without causing a disastrous contraction of private enterprise. The Fed is nearly forced to finance diffusion.

Although Wanniski cannot be said to have settled these issues, he has amply demonstrated the usefulness of

RANDOM NOTES

■ AMERICANA: Calvin Trillin, errant gastronomer for *The New Yorker*, follows up his wholly delightful *American Fried* with *Alice, Let's Eat* (Random House, $7.95). . . . One Barbara Grizutti Harrison, formerly—for 12 years—a member of the Jehovah's Witnesses, has written a book about the sect entitled *Visions of Glory: A History and a Memory of the Jehovah's Witnesses* (Simon & Schuster, $12.95). She is to the Witnesses what Philip Agee was to the CIA. . . . Don't miss Ruth Carter Stapleton's *Brother Billy* (Harper, $8.95). Though Billy himself once said of his post-election persona, "I've really created a monster, and I don't know what to do with it," it is abundantly clear that he is the only Carter who has discovered how to put the Presidency to rational and effective use. . . . John Fischer, formerly editor-in-chief at *Harper's*, grew up in Texas and Oklahoma, about which he has produced a book, *From the High Plains: An Informal History* (Harper, $10). . . . Ed Cray's *Levi's* (Houghton, $9.95) is an account of the denim empire (in 1977 it had 32,000 employees and sales of $1.5 billion) founded in 1872 by Levi Strauss, the greatest American after Henry Ford and Asa G. Candler. (The above titles are due in September.)

■ MORE SEPTEMBER TITLES: P. N. Furbank's *E. M. Forster: A Life* (Harcourt, $19.95) ought to be worth looking into. . . . *Sunset at Blandings* (Simon & Schuster, $8.95) has been constructed from drafts and notes for a novel left by P. G. Wodehouse at his death in 1975. . . . Diana Trilling's *Reviewing the Forties* (Harcourt, $9.95) is a collection of her fiction reviews, written when she was fiction critic for *The Nation*. . . . Gaye Tuchman's *Making News: A Study of the Construction of Reality* (Free Press, $13.95) arrives at the astonishing conclusion that the news institutions legitimize the status quo. . . . Michael Kammen's *A Season of Youth: The American Historical Revolution and the Historical Imagination* (Knopf, $15) is about—well, you've just read it. . . . Moshe Dayan's *Living with the Bible* (Morrow, $14.95) says that the Israel of the Jewish patriarchs, kings, and prophets is alive in the hearts of all Jewish settlers. The book might alternatively have been called *Holding onto the West Bank*.

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the Laffer curve as a means of analysis. Some economists charge that he fails to show how a specific tax cut, such as the Kemp-Roth bill supported by the GOP, would be sure to increase revenues. Their charge is true but trivial. Like such Keynesian concepts as effective demand, the marginal efficiency of capital, and user cost, the Laffer curve registers subjective moods and expectations: how heavily the people want to be taxed, how highly they value the services of the state. The economy ultimately depends on the incalculably changing initiatives and reactions of individual human beings. Wanniski shows that again and again throughout history reduced taxes have led to the expansion of investment and growth. Most recently the 1964 Kennedy Administration tax cut, according to the 1967 Economic Report of the President, brought three years of expansion, the keynote of which was "a major advance in business fixed investment." But like low interest rates, tax reductions can never suffice if inventors and investors are unwilling to accept the risks of innovation.

BEYOND the exposition of the "Mundell-Laffer hypothesis," Wanniski's book offers a broadly gauged economics primer, teeming with bright ideas and penetrating observations. Among many intriguing points is his theory of the causes of the 1929 crash. By a close day-to-day analysis, he shows that the market simply foresaw the catastrophic effects of the impending Smoot-Hawley tariff at a time when foreigners held heavy investments in the U.S. and owed some $14 billion to Americans. We should take warning today.

The chief weakness of the book is a sophomoric "political model" in the early chapters that is written in the general tone and spirit of the meditations of Andrew Young. Extending the "efficient markets" theory from Wall Street to the world political scene, Wanniski has invented an omniscient "global electorate" that invariably picks the best of all available political leaderships, regardless of political systems, and more or less equilibrates their political utilities across international boundaries. Assassination and terrorism seem to Wanniski only the most extreme ways that an abused or neglected electorate "votes"; and to him "it is by no means clear that [the Soviet] political economy is inferior to that of the United States." This is enough to give tax cuts a bad name; but the book survives this silliness and soars. □

The (Guilty) Conscience of a Conservative
By Craig Schiller
Arlington, 174 pp., $8.95

TORY POPULISM

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Craig Schiller has read widely in the literature of conservatism and pondered deeply what he has read. A 37-year-old Hasidic rabbi, Schiller has the educational background and powers of analysis necessary to understand and distinguish among the various strands of American conservative thought, and in this work he gives us a guided tour of what he conceives these to be, then tells us why conservatism has failed and how it might hope to prevail.

The book's largely meaningless title and often flippant chapter headings do it less than justice. This slim volume is no threat to George Nash's massive and magisterial *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America: Since 1945*, but in its chatty way it has a good deal to say that is stimulating and incisive.

In a devastating opening chapter entitled "The Great Retreat," Schiller demonstrates beyond argument "the general erosion of the once firmly held principles of Fifties conservatives." It is, to say the least, rather discomfiting to read again the ringing assertions that characterized (just for example) NATIONAL REVIEW in its first five years of publication. Of integration it observed: "If the majority [in the American South] wills what is socially atavistic, then to thwart the majority may be, though undemocratic, enlightened. . . ." As for Soviet imperialism, the magazine firmly endorsed the uncompromising words of the Hungary Pledge: "The Soviet regime having by the Hungarian massacre demonstrated once again its isolation from the moral community, I pledge that until all Soviet troops and police are withdrawn from Hungary, I will enter into no economic, social, political, or cultural relations with that regime. . . ."

It may be possible to explain why adherence to these positions became impractical, or even undesirable; but there is no blinking at the fact that they were, for whatever reason, quite simply abandoned. We conservatives have played footsie with Nixon and (some of us) even lunched with Kissinger, and "the clear, moralistically phrased policies of Fifties conservatism have gone the way of the dodo." But Schiller has come to praise conservatism, not to bury it, and having taken clear-eyed account of where the movement stands today he sets briskly out to "understand the inner reality of conservatism and to seek to express that reality in terms that can be politically advantageous."

First he discusses various well-known conservative thinkers and spokesmen, classifying their views, according to a system of his own invention, as "provincialist" (Evans, Meyer), "universalist"—divided into three subcategories: "metaphysical" (Wilhelmsen), "empirical" (Zoll), and "historical" (Kirk)—and "realist" (Molnar). It is the last-named category that commands Schiller's own allegiance: "Molnar's conservatism provides a firm link between theory and practice, thought and deed. Pointing to the fact that God has enjoined man to live in an imperfect world, it concludes that men of the Right must seek to protect and advance their first principles in an empirically realistic manner."

There follows an extended analysis of American conservatism, its four major political manifestations since 1932 (the presidential campaigns of Landon, Taft, Goldwater, and Reagan), and the reason for the failure of all four. This latter, Schiller identifies as the conservative movement's failure to understand its own first principles and to relate them "to the aspirations of the majority of men."

And precisely how are these highly desirable goals to be achieved? Here Schiller reveals himself as a devout supporter of the New Majority concept. Most Americans, Schiller insists—citing considerable statistical evidence—are broadly conservative; but they are turned off by two tenets of postwar conservatism: "First, its opposition to public charity, and second, its shrill

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articulation of foreign policy goals." Nonetheless, "America is wide open for a Disraeli-style revival of conservatism. The people yearn for it and the times demand it. Indeed, should traditional conservatives fail to lead this revival and temper it with the insights of orthodox faith and with the inherited wisdom of the West, it could conceivably degenerate into a crude and uncontrollable populism."

Unfortunately Schiller sees no conservative leader on the horizon who perceives the opportunity and is ready to seize it. Whether one will appear in time, and receive enough intelligent and imaginative support from the conservative movement to unite it and prevail, are questions he leaves open for the future to determine.

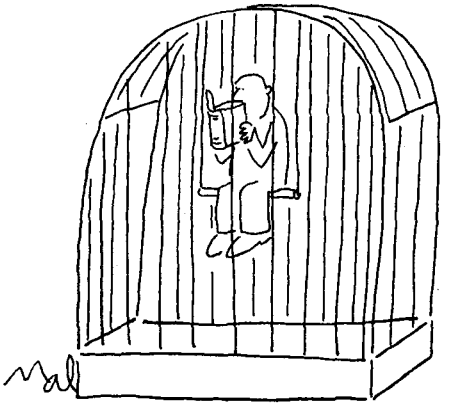
THE NOTION that there is a conservative New Majority in this country, which—effectively uniting Republican "economic conservatives" and Democratic "social conservatives"—could dominate American politics, has been around for a number of years. It has gained added credibility in the last three or four, as public opinion polls began to report consistently conservative responses on the part of a majority of individuals interviewed. (It also recently turned out to have a convert in Richard Nixon. In his *Memoirs* the former Chief Executive—whose credentials as a shrewd political analyst are still very much in order—reveals that after his election in 1972, "I planned to give expression to the more conservative values and beliefs of the New Majority throughout the country. . . . I intended to revitalize the Republican Party along New Majority lines.")

There are, however, two influential institutions in this country whose spokesmen will deny the existence of any such "New Majority" with their dying breath. One is the liberal Establishment, which knows a threat when it sees one. Here is the source of all those pretzel-shaped efforts to explain away the poll statistics: A majority of Americans may be "notionally conservative" but they are "operationally liberal," etc., etc.

The other is the professional bureaucracy of the Republican Party, which is profoundly uneasy with the New Majority concept because it senses (correctly) that there are many more conservatives than Republicans in this country and that the best hope of uniting them all lies in some new and more capacious vehicle than the GOP. Thus we find Wayne Thorburn, executive director of the Texas Republican Party, commending to readers of YAF's *New Guard* a tortured and tendentious liberal attack on the New Majority concept (Miller and Levitin's *Leadership and Change*) which dubs social conservatives "the Silent Minority" and concedes to them a mere 7 per cent of the electorate.

The liberal critics can be disregarded, but the professional Republican opponents of the New Majority strategy cannot, because they hold in apparently permanent thrall one major component of the proposed coalition: that large bloc of economic conservatives for whom the GOP is home, and who can't see for the life of them why it isn't a good enough vehicle for the cause.

Conceivably an incumbent Republican President like Nixon, freshly re-elected and deeply convinced of the necessity to consolidate the New Majority within the GOP, could have faced down his party's liberals and forged the necessary link with the formerly Democratic social conservatives. If so, effective application of the New Majority strategy was just one more casualty of Watergate. But no subsequent political leader has had either the ability to impose that strategy on the Republican Party or the guts to employ it where it really belongs: outside the GOP altogether. Until one does, the full political clout of American conservatism will remain unfocused and diffuse—a victim of politics-as-usual and its closest ally, the iron law of inertia. □



SWELL LETTERS

Samuel Beckett: A Biography
By Deirdre Bair
Harcourt Brace, 736 pp., $19.95

AN INVENTED LIFE

GUY DAVENPORT

The crucifixion of the rabbi Yeshua ben Yosef on Golgotha Hill outside Jerusalem in the 16th year of the reign of Tiberias Caesar was, for the garrison detail that drove the nails, hoisted the cross, and stood guard, so much military routine. They laughed at the pain of the prisoner as a matter of course, the Roman sense of humor running to a coarseness and delight in cruelty that we cannot begin to understand, but they would have laughed even harder if they could have known that their butcher's work would stand in unmoving time forever, imagined again and again in paint, stone, music, and words, or that almost 2,000 years later an Irish writer named Samuel Beckett would write a play that seems to have nothing to do with the Crucifixion but which has three nails and a hammer half-concealed in the names of its four characters, Hamm, Clov, Nell, and Nagg (*hammer*, *clavus*, *nail*, *Nagel*).

In the fierceness of his human pain, Christ had cried out to ask why he was forsaken by God. It is that sense of being forsaken that Beckett examines in *Endgame*. He has changed the tempo of the Passion to slow motion, to a tedious, dripping-faucet pace.

TEMPO IS the clue to Beckett's bleak riddles. *Waiting for Godot* is two thousand years of Christian doubt and anguish compressed into two hours. The wonderful novels tend to absorb and radiate philosophical attitudes; *Murphy*, the first truly comic novel in modern literature, plays havoc with "Baroque solipsism," the Cartesian world of programmed automata. Beckett first understood the philosophical implications of Descartes by watching Laurel and Hardy, Buster Keaton, and Chaplin, as Hugh Kenner has shown us in *The Stoic Comedians* and his two books on Beckett.

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The work, which we have been able to see for over twenty years now, is as different and original as anything to come out of that cradle of geniuses, Ireland. Literature is always finding ways of appropriating what has never before belonged to it. Beckett's conquest is of the comedy of devastation, and it wasn't easy. Black humor corrodes its container; the cynic's bark rarely gets around to a bite. Beckett works with material so brittle and so hopeless that his skill in shaping it is a good half the pleasure of his art.

AND HIS LIFE turns out to sound like something he invented. His reputation has been that of a recluse and eccentric. It was known that he moved in Joyce's circle, that he was in France during the Occupation, that he became famous at age 51, and that he wrote in both French and English, having to write everything twice, as in a special hell for novelists. If his artistic integrity is of tempered steel, the wall around his privacy is tungsten.

Yet here is a seven-hundred-page account of Beckett's life, achieved through wide-ranging research, and done with something like his cooperation. It is a life in which an artist has paid the highest price for his art. Job was a reasonably healthy fellow beside Beckett, and Kafka a raging optimist.

Things began well enough. He was the son of a well-to-do Dublin contractor and a woman who loved animals and gardens. He had a brother, with whom he spent a normal childhood, protected from contamination by the vulgar, Catholics, and the poor. But, as Deirdre Bair is at pains to show, terrible seeds were planted in his soul. The mother was erratic, smothering, and adept at emotional blackmail.

Beckett, listening to Jung lecture in London, came to the conclusion that he was never properly born, and would be late with everything all his life. He was a model schoolboy and brilliant athlete. At Trinity he began to change into a caricature of the Dublin intellectual. He fell in love with the Continent, especially France, and has spent his life crossing and recrossing the English and Irish Channels, wringing his hands.

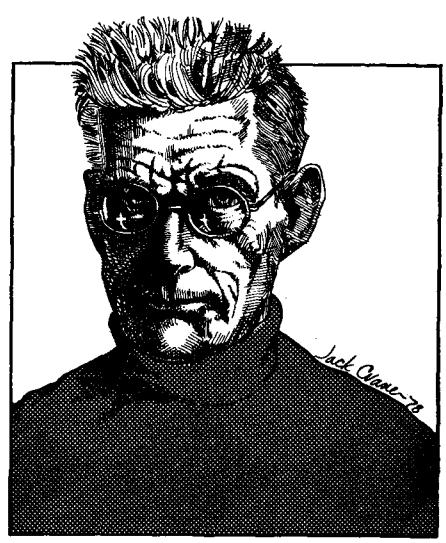
His mother played her cruel game of trying to keep him a child until she was an old woman. Joyce showed him the door because Lucia, mentally disturbed, had fallen for him, and Joyce thought he was trifling with his daughter's affections. A lunatic stabbed him on a Paris street, missing his heart by millimeters. He suffered bouts of despair, boils in hideous places (the anus, the roof of the mouth, the palm of the hand).

As the Germans marched into France, Beckett escaped the dullness of Ireland and got back to Paris in the nick of time. He joined the *Résistance* (he has the *Croix de Guerre* and the *Medaille de la Résistance*) and spent four years in danger of the concentration camps.

After the war came recognition, an anguished little at a time. When a publisher finally accepted the trilogy of novels that forms the keystone of his achievement, he could not bring himself to sign the contract or even to meet the publisher.

Miss Bair must tell us frequently how Beckett suffers from the prying scholar while she lays Beckett as naked as for an autopsy. Such candor is invited by, if not justified by, his work, where the stain of humanity is deep and strong.

This is a biography that seems both



full-scale and finely detailed, and is therefore rare in its achievement. As a narrative it reads well. Everyone who admires Beckett's work will be grateful for it while cringing at its intimate disclosures of so vulnerable, decent, and shy a subject.

The weakness of the biography is in its shallow discussion of Beckett's work, and its strength is in the sense it establishes of the stoic heroism of Beckett's triumphant victory over miseries of the soul. And the heroism of his humility. He gave away his Nobel Prize money; he lives in a room of stark simplicity that overlooks the exercise yard of the Santé prison. He buys his specs at the dimestore. □

Dylan Thomas: A Biography
By Paul Ferris
Dial, 399 pp., $9.95

Tennessee Williams' Letters to Donald Windham: 1940-1965
Edited and with Comments by Donald Windham
Holt, 333 pp., $10

Allen Ginsberg Journals: Early Fifties Early Sixties
Edited by Gordon Ball
Grove, 302 pp., $10

THREE NEUROTICS

SELDEN RODMAN

What do Dylan Thomas, Tennessee Williams, and Allen Ginsberg have in common? All three were (are) poets in the broad sense of the word. All three were figures of the avant garde, expressing in their different ways revolt against the "Victorian" morality and "capitalist" class structure still quite firmly dominating the Establishment at the times of their comings-of-age. All three were sexual misfits, two of them very openly flaunting their homosexuality and using it as a symbolic key to the "alienation" that their works focused on to the exclusion of all other values. Other artists in other times (perhaps *most* other artists) have been as neurotically incapable of adjusting to family life and society, but never until now had neurosis itself been accepted consciously as the burden of the work of art. Never before had the artist assumed (or pretended to assume) that his hang-ups provided the key to artistic excellence or the good life.

Not that any of our three poets would put it that way, necessarily; or disguise the feelings of guilt over tormented lives that surface from time to time in their letters, journals, and poems. But only Ginsberg expressed

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any concern for the artist's role as a socially responsible human being, or the function of art to transcend this imperfect world; and Ginsberg's inability to make poetry out of anything except what he hates may account for his changeover from poet to guru.

No one would deny that Williams and Thomas succeeded triumphantly as entertainers. No poet had ever communicated so electrifyingly with so many as Dylan Thomas through his recordings and public appearances. How much of that was a response to the booming, sonorous delivery? Or to the frisson of being face to face with the greatest lyric poet of the age visibly disintegrating into his private components: wordsmith, punster, actor, drunkard, lecher, coward, thief? There is no exaltation and very little fun in what Dylan Thomas' latest and most relentless biographer has done with the life that led to that undoing. No light is thrown on how the magician of words evolved out of spoiled childhood and prolonged adolescence. But a great deal of light (too much) floods every misstep and violent gesture of self-indulgence along the way. We do learn that the poet in his obsessive self-awareness was always "writing about the business of writing, looking at poetry as his personal means of coming to terms with the world." The fantasy world of childhood became the real world. "I don't feel worried, or hardly ever," Dylan wrote a friend, "about other people's emotions, except those of my pasteboard characters. I prefer style to life, my own reactions to emotions rather than the emotions themselves. . . . I'm a freak user of words, not a poet. That's really the truth."

Poet he was; but the rest of the admission is exemplary in its honesty and strikes at the heart of the poets' dilemma from Rimbaud's time to now. There is no such humility in Williams or in Ginsberg; their successes seem to have enclosed them so deeply within their enlarged egos that they were quite content to turn out stereotypes. The stereotypes of Williams' later plays—deviates and studs, the castrated and the castrators—began to take over, his friend Windham thinks, around 1948, when the dramatist stopped writing about sympathetic characters caught in inescapable situations and yielded to self-dramatization. "It is because he cannot face his own actions that he denounces lying and mendacity in others. He has to blame the world (as Brick does in *Cat*) and present it as a place where you cannot live without money (as Maggie does) in order to cancel his guilt." The following year, when, as the letters show, Williams was in the process of abandoning his friends to luxuriate in his fame, the playwright put it this way: "Ordinarily my ratio of concerns is something like this: 50 per cent work and worry over work, 35 per cent the perpetual struggle against lunacy . . . 15 per cent a very true and very tender love for lover and friends." That last figure, he goes on to say, has now dropped to 1 per cent. Windham, the only lifelong friend Williams had, and once his "conscience," is about to be asked to withdraw his name from a play they wrote together and accept a lower share of the royalties.

From then on, Williams writes Windham only to explain the things he intends to do for him (and never does). Which is not to say that even these morally bankrupt letters are devoid of the gaiety, wit, and occasional brilliant self-analysis that gave the earlier letters their charm. Playwriting, unlike poetry, is a semi-communal art. Many hands are involved, craftsmanship develops through the rehearsals and performances, compromise shapes the final product. If Williams' plays themselves are never tragedies, that is because there are no heroes with whose betrayal or fall from grace one can identify; but in the *Letters* there *is* such an undoing, and Donald Windham has had the insight to trace it with compassion all the way.

Ginsberg's stereotypes are less amusing to read about than Williams' because they are addressed to himself, and without joy or humor. There is not a trace of passion or tenderness in the homosexual encounters he describes with clinically repulsive detail. His hatred of America and his reiterated complaint that the CIA exists to subvert good government abroad, carry no more supportive evidence than the well-known statement at the beginning of "Howl" that his mentally deranged friends are the "best minds" of his generation. The poem relies for its power on a Whitmanesque litany of hatred and despair, just as "Song of Myself" derives its torrential force from Whitman's affirmation of love for himself and America. But in the entries of a prose journal obsessions become absurd and pitiful. Ginsberg seems to recognize this, unconsciously, for toward the end almost all the entries are reports of his dreams. And since these dreams are neither beautiful nor terrifying, and are put down without any attempt at interpretation, the result is boredom. The one really moving entry comes at the beginning, when the (then humble) Ginsberg runs into the already ravaged Dylan Thomas in a Greenwich Village bar and is too shy to introduce himself and tell him "my true feeling, and its importance to you." Maybe Thomas would have told him, as the stricken William Carlos Williams didn't or couldn't, that self-love inflamed by drugs can lead only to "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame." □

OUT OF DOORS

Voyage to Greenland: A Personal Initiation into Anthropology
By Frederica de Laguna
Norton, 285 pp., $9.95

MUD AND BLUBBER

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Frederica de Laguna's father was to write her in 1929 about her fiancé, D.: "You must not forget that his career must necessarily take precedence over yours. It is he who will have the responsibility of supporting the family and with that responsibility go some clearly defined rights. Of course it is his duty to consider your interests and your happiness in this and every other decision and no doubt he will do so. But the ultimate responsibility in the matter is up to him."

How quaint that sounds in the Liberated Seventies. Yet the daughter to whom that concerned father was writ-

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ing was even then—with his permission—spending the summer with a middle-aged Danish anthropologist and a handful of Eskimos on a godforsaken island above the Arctic Circle in Greenland, trying through digs there to establish a connection between the Eskimos in Arctic Canada and the great Thule culture of northwest Greenland.

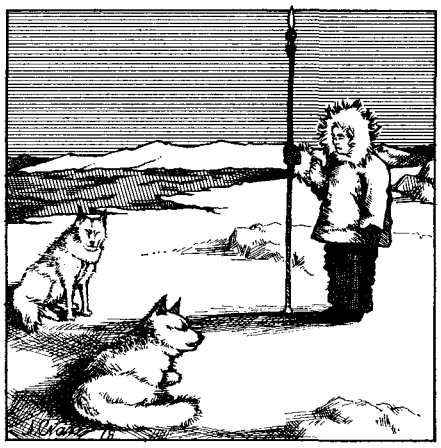
Twenty-two-year-old Freddy de Laguna, already fascinated by anthropology and intending to make that her career, marriage notwithstanding, had run into Thirkel Mathiassen while doing research in Copenhagen early in 1929. Quite casually one day he told her of his projected expedition that summer to remote Inugsuk Island, and asked if she would like to go along as his assistant. She jumped at the chance, and so, casually entered into, began the expedition that would change her life.

SHE WROTE *Voyage to Greenland* the following year from notes, diaries, and letters home, but only now, 48 years later, has she published it, making only minor revisions here and there where further explanations or updating seemed to be needed.

The decision not to tamper with the journal was wise. This is not a woman in her late sixties recapturing the tremendous adventure of her youth, it is the girl herself speaking. It works because the young Freddy had a spare and disciplined prose style (and if you had written a diary in a smoky tent, perched on a wooden platform that separated you from the mud and blubber floor, at temperatures ranging up to the high 40s, your style would be spare too), an eye for descriptive detail, and a sense of irony, and of the ridiculous. Her own excitement and wonder become contagious. She finds it all enchanting, as do we: the long days when the sun never sets, the icebergs cracking together at night with hollow booms, the white-clad Eskimos making like icebergs in their white kayaks, in chase of the short-sighted seal; yes, and the mud, the dirt, the cold, the stink, the rotten meat, the stiff sealskin pants, the tired muscles, the frozen fingers, the aching back. The youthful enthusiasm and the liberal sprinkling of exclamation marks—"what a marvelous place!" "I was never so happy!" "how lucky I am!"—are so much a part of how she felt then, of how she would have communicated her enthusiasm to parents who must have been wondering if dear Freddy really was enjoying her summer, that they enhance rather than saccharinize the story.

She and Thirkel—who never in the course of the summer addresses her as anything less formal than Miss—have grown fond of an iceberg that has taken up residence in the harbor in front of their tents. They are saddened one morning when they wake to find that "it had sailed away to the north in a gale" the night before. Some days later, in an after-dinner exploration that takes them farther afield than they had intended, she and Mathiassen get lost. The waters through which they are paddling are freezing around them. It is now late—nearly 11:00 P.M.—and the sun, while still lighting the sky, has long since stopped warming their bodies. Here is how Freddy describes what happened next, a good sampling of her narrative and descriptive style:

> We were walled in by monstrous bergs, towering high above us, and carved in fantastic shapes . . . the mountains were so far away that they could not tell us where we were. We had journeyed a great distance, and wondered when we should reach home again. . . . I had never realized how completely uninhabitated [this land] was. There was nothing on it, people never go there, there are no paths, even the birds do not fly over it. It is only a confusion of rocks, the refuse of a dead glacier . . . [then] we came in sight of "our" iceberg, stranded among other monsters of its kind. There was no mistaking it, even though it had been badly broken by the storm. We were immensely cheered, and felt very close to home . . . Almost at once we saw the beacon on the hill. . . .



You may find out more than you really want to know about Eskimo artifacts, the technique of digging into a frozen midden, how sealskin pants are tailored, what Eskimo dogs like most to eat (it's disgusting!), which Eskimo graves should be excavated and which should not, and other arcane matters, but you won't tire of the adventure or of young Freddy.

It takes them a month after leaving Inugsuk to get back to Copenhagen by small boat and coastal steamer, and then, as casually as it all started, it is finished. "Mathiassen puts me into a taxi." And in the midst of the great, complex, bustling city, she concludes, "now at last, after so many months, I am alone."

The maturer Freddy who returns from the Arctic Circle that September nearly fifty years ago has had time, in that windswept, frozen, desolate wasteland, to think about what her father had called her interests and her happiness. She has found that anthropology is her first love. She knows now that she will never marry D. □

FILM

BREAD AND HOLLY

JOHN SIMON

The only previous film by Franco Brusati that I have seen is *Disorder*, which, despite some good moments and brilliant editing by Ruggero Mastroianni, left me cold. Since then, Brusati, a successful screenwriter and playwright, has made a couple of films that were not seen here—or at least not by me; *Bread and Chocolate*, his fifth film, has won scads of prizes all over Europe, and is now here to enliven our cinematically dismal summer. *Bread and Chocolate* is an interesting film—parts of it have that nice blend of humor and pathos at which the Italians are past masters—but it is not all milk and honey, I'm afraid, or even piss and vinegar.

It starts well enough with an Italian, neither young nor old, in his dark, workingman's Sunday best suit; he is in a park, surrounded by prosperous, mostly white-clad people playing chamber

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music, promenading, having fun with their children. The Italian, Nino, tries to be friendly, but he does not speak German—for this is Switzerland—and even small children spurn him when he tries to play handball with them. When, smoking under a No Smoking sign, he bites into his bread and chocolate sandwich, that little crunch stops a string quartet in its tracks: reproachfulness is in the air, for this man is a guest worker, one of those hordes of swarthy, dark-haired creatures that invade Switzerland, which feels about them as Byron said he felt about women—unable to live either with or without them.

Nino gets into all kinds of trouble even—or especially—when he is trying to be helpful. He is competing bitterly with a Turk for the one permanent position as a waiter at a posh restaurant where they are both temporary help. Their contest is positively Homeric, though less like the *Iliad* than *The Battle of the Frogs and Mice*. The Turk is repulsive but good at everything through sheer insane determination worthy of a bashi-bazuk; Nino, on the other hand, is charming and imposingly ineffectual. He enters into a curious business relationship with a crooked Italian millionaire, and loses his small savings. He also loses his heart, briefly, to Elena, a Greek schoolteacher in exile with her little boy, whom he befriends by teaching him Italian swear words. Funny-sad and outrageous episodes multiply, but the various threads are only very loosely held together: we lose sight of Elena, for example, far too often. There is something not merely episodic about the film but downright sporadic, and it is only Nino himself who is allowed to become a fully fleshed-out character.

STILL, THE bittersweet humor, the occasional artfully done bit of slapstick, the sudden moments of seriousness, all testify to a much better handling of mood than of plot or even character. And yet, thanks to the marvelous acting of Nino Manfredi, Anna Karina, and a fine supporting cast mostly unknown to me, and Brusati's pleasantly slapdash direction in which things are allowed to look as sloppy as life, much of it works. Certainly, the comic coming together of Manfredi and Karina is particularly moving: it is through his ludicrousness that he wins her after his attempts at debonair seductiveness have failed. However, he is married already—we see one of his imaginary dialogues with the hungry mouths back home—and she, for the sake of convenience, marries a decent Swiss official who can help them all to stay in Switzerland.

So long as the film is comedy, or even *comédie larmoyante*, its footing is sure; but soon the serious and the grotesque take over. The transition occurs in a much too long-drawn-out scene reminiscent of Buñuel, Hieronymus Bosch, and even Thomas Mann, in which gnome-like Italians working as illegal poultry butchers become transformed into human chickens and watch with a mixture of obscene longing and abject veneration as the blond and blue-eyed children of their bosses disport themselves naked on the banks of a sylvan pond. Horror-struck, Nino flees to the other extreme and tries to forswear his Italianness by dying his hair blond, but a televised soccer game at which he cannot help rooting for his fellow countrymen betrays him. These and other final episodes verge on the maudlin, and the ending is ambiguous without being particularly suggestive.

Nino Manfredi, that superb comedian, who also collaborated with Brusati on the script, gets more out of it, I'm sure, than he put in. His mixture of swagger and subservience, hopefulness in the face of imminent deportation and other disasters, is nicely balanced with his growing disgust with fellow immigrant workers who still cherish the myth of the homeland. But, finally, Nino does not stand for any course of action, and even his indecisiveness is less graphic than that of, say, some Wertmüller characters.

To the sketchy role of Elena, Anna Karina brings a compassionate femininity that never postures or goes sickly-sweet, and shows talents that were completely wasted in her Godard films and only adumbrated since. In the supporting cast, Johnny Dorelli and Gianfranco Barra excel as, respectively, the devious industrialist and the dedicated Turk. Renato Berta's cinematography is, as always, a joy, and Brusati, though unable to overcome the general fragmentation, has directed individual scenes cogently.

But what about the critical excitement that has greeted *The Buddy Holly Story*? Holly was one of the precursors of rock music, for which alone I would assign him to Tartarus. From his obscure beginning in Lubbock, Texas, to his quick and relatively painless rise to success, his marriage to a plucky Puerto Rican girl, and his death in a plane crash a couple of years later, at the age of 22, his was a brief but fairly typical success story, made, one suspects, even more anodyne by the widow's watchful eye during the shooting. It is not even very interesting as bandstand musicals go, partly because the camaraderie with the two other members of the group (well played by Charles Martin Smith and particularly Don Stroud) does not build to anything much, and partly because the love story does not yield any drama—at least not in this approved biography.

The music itself strikes me as deplorable, but it is well played and sung by Gary Busey, whose transformation into Holly is wholly magnificent. In looks, singing, and playing, he clearly has accomplished a perfect duplication, and the enthusiasm and concentration with which he throws himself into the role are exemplary. Yet even such a big scene as Holly and his Crickets being booked into the Harlem Apollo on the mistaken notion that they are a black act is, as written by Robert Gittler and directed by Steve Rash, only standard B-movie fare. It is all just an oft-told tale about a noisy naïf with much sound and not much fury. □

The GIMLET EYE

PARANOIA

D. KEITH MANO

This ad came out in the *Village Voice*:

Unafraid attorney wanted with DA contact to help tenant . . . but d't go

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to bldg. I don't get messages, calls. Mail stolen. D'ble uses apt for porno film. Meet me under E. 59th St. Tramway, 5-6 p.m. July 19-26. Will wear button "Postmaster—where's my mail?"

She blew me out: fifty years old and half-exquisite: Ava Gardner in retirement: that kind of American-clean, abiding glamor. We sat at an outdoor cafe table where they (so many theys) couldn't tap our conversation down. And, as she played back her familiar, old housecoat-worn madness, I thought: three decades ago this woman must have taken men into strict custody, left them with a Dr. Seuss word-stock. Beauty is savage: a privateer.

But first: first let me sound the pitch pipe here: I want you to get my tone. Those who are splendidly insane provoke farce: that may have been my columnist instinct when, to begin with, I answered her ad. Not any more. Paranoid minds make of civilization a baroque and sardonic romance: it will rhyme your most terrible midnight-time visions. In them the Doppelgänger understudy, the one all men rehearse, is on stage. You, I: we aren't indispensable: not even to the personae we create and shape. It requires just one freeing, disintegrative scream—no throat is without that, catarrh deep, on call—one scream and the apprentice self will come: dancing, singing, full of talent. Crazed, yet awfully plausible: a you.

LET ME RECAP the highpoints of her ornate obsession. Husband and children gone: subbed for by "plastic people." She, a "federal prostitute," made to perform lewd oral acts by electric implantation in the skull. Mail shunted aside: ditto phone calls, guests. One finger is certainly a transplant. In fact (she put on weight last month), her whole body may have been transplanted. Or her head: depends how you look at it. False ceiling: secret entrance to her apartment. A double stands in on the job. New spray paint has been redi-whipped up: it will deflect light (what light doesn't reflect the eye can't see: invisible, spray-painted men around). Carcinogenic drugs have been shot into her: she had a mastectomy. Same sort of thing happened to David Berkowitz, Cliff Robertson, Howard Hughes: a *National Enquirer* cast: famous company. "It's like they've written this film. And they're trying to change my life to fit it." They is: FBI, CIA, Nixon, Rockefeller, USSR, Sinatra, American Nazi Party, Israeli Mafia. An ecumenical group to say the least.

Funny: it's persuasive. We want to associate lunacy with some physical sign: I-am-mad-beware. But she has no tic, slur, unkemptness of person. The blue mosaic-tile eyes engage me: pleasant, judicial: like maybe my common sense, not hers, were under audit. Language is sophisticated: syntax has vigorous and logical structure: this was a good mind once. Then she says it: reality truncated to metaphor, the way fine poems work: an image I won't forget. She says, "I'm in the Something Different game. I'm a human pawn, a board token." What? "Well, this consortium of wealthy men use people as they would fighting cocks or race horses." Explain. Go on. "See, you have an appointment. Your bus breaks down. They make it happen. You have to run and they bet on you: it amuses them. I've won several times. They told me that. But I never get any prize."

DOWNTOWN, outside the Supreme Court Building, I meet a handsome mfrs rep dressed man. His signboard is eight feet high; nine hundred stencil-sharp words long. He has been radiated —brain, stomach, genitalia—by Jews in the next apartment: an experimental rat. I read: can I reassure him? No. In 1700, say, this balderdash would have been understood: insanity—paranoiac, schizophrenic, psychotic—was stuff of the devil's custom cobbling. It had a wholeness: with will and grace it could be exorcised. There was Christ enough to go around. I don't mean that the recovery rate was higher then: but madmen stood apart at least. Society didn't corroborate, encourage their daftness.

In 1978 it's another thing. You see, they're correct: my madman, my madwoman. The scalp has been sliced open: implants are in place. Paranoia, I know, can have a complex etiology: trauma, chemical dysfunction. But it grows best on a rich petri culture. Heck, 15 members of the *NR* staff *were* radiated in our Moscow embassy. All food is carcinogenic. We're lab animals for industry: Nader will attest to that. And the big implant sits right in your living room: switch a channel, it doesn't matter much: CIA, FBI, Nixon, Texas oilman, Zionist, anti-Zionist: Americans get high on conspiracy. It's fun: and it excises responsibility: someone-out-there-made-me-do-that-I-can't-help-myself. How could anybody reason under the E. 59th St. Tramway? Implants and transplants and clones do exist. And federal prostitutes. A phone will disconnect; mail is lost on schedule. Read a scientific account of black holes: nothing, strictly spoken, can be impossible now.

Paranoia is a national resource. Son of Sam, crime fear, sells the *New York Post*. Hygiene fear pushes Scope and Ban. Fear of unmodishness will market clothes, hairstyles, and *People* magazine. As for the Something Different game (which my madwoman picked up from TV and Monty Python), we've all been contestants in that. Even me. I try to write this column on Tuesday: one of my employees is arrested; I develop a catchpole-tight stiff neck; our kitchen ceiling begins to leak; a cat, I find, has urinated in my electric typewriter. Will Mano make his deadline? Nelson Rockefeller has laid Frank Sinatra 3 to 1 against. They'll give me gout next or an influx of relatives. There is no mediator-advocate between man and these new Zeus-Hera, cloud-lounging, capricious gods. Only an appointment secretary. And he'll lose my application.

Even the sane have real enemies. Lord help the mad. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE SPONSOR, *by Erik Barnouw (Oxford, 220 pp., $10).* August 28, 1922. The Queensboro Corporation pays radio station WEAF fifty dollars for ten minutes of air time to promote the virtues of suburban apartment living in a housing complex in Jackson Heights, Long Island. Subsequently, ecstatic corporation executives attribute sales in the amount of $127,000 to this pioneer venture in electronic advertising. Thus the era of commercial broadcasting was launched upon a nation that had no inkling of the eventual impact of the electronic media. Professor Barnouw is distressed by the extent to which the insidious sponsor has contrived to dominate the airways, and thus our lives. Not content to reap huge profits by influencing consumers' habits, advertisers seek to fashion a culture along lines that often run contrary to the pub-

(Continues on page 1101)

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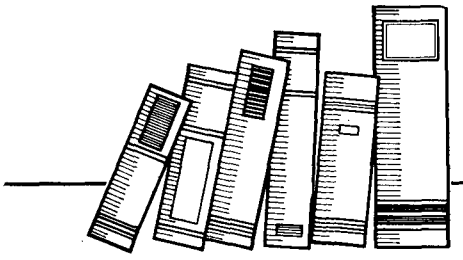

Dark Horses

THOUGH SOMETHING LESS than a mass political phenomenon, the modern libertarian movement has managed to attract an impressive group of bright young writers to its standard, thereby achieving an intellectual impact far beyond its limited numbers.

Two of these younger writers have recently published books which show to good advantage the polemical skills which have advanced the libertarian cause in recent years. David Friedman's *The Machinery of Freedom: Guide to a Radical Capitalism* (Arlington House, $10) is an engaging argument for anarcho-capitalism and the abolition of virtually all compulsory institutions. The author contends that government intrusions into economic and social life routinely hurt the people they are supposed to help.

Although a down-the-line libertarian by philosophical commitment, Friedman has a practical bent of mind. Instead of simply denouncing government programs and demanding that they be abolished *tout court* (though in most cases he would have no objection to such action), he proposes an incrementalist strategy that would move us from our heavily regulated condition to one substantially less regulated. This approach, which he calls "selling the state, piece by piece," begins with relatively mild proposals such as permitting competition with the government (e.g., delivery of first class mail), moves on to advocate education vouchers and deregulation of mass transit, and concludes with a highly imaginative argument for private defense and arbitration systems. While many conservatives will differ sharply with Friedman's views about such matters, they will find his discussion of economic subjects most congenial and his thesis generally entertaining and provocative.

Our second youthful libertarian (classical liberal is perhaps a better designation) is Dr. Madsen Pirie, a Scotsman in the tradition of Hume and Smith. Dr. Pirie's *Trial & Error & The Idea of Progress* (Open Court, $10.95), is a serious and original work of philosophy as well as social commentary. It seeks to analyze the notion of "progress" as it applies to the natural sciences, political arts, and economic institutions. The unifying principle is the idea propounded by Sir Karl Popper, taken over and modified by Pirie, that the path to useful knowledge is that of "conjecture and refutation," whereby we successively eliminate conceptions that are in conflict with existing knowledge or accepted axioms. By this process of exclusion, Pirie contends, we move progressively toward our desired objectives.

PIRIE INGENIOUSLY links this notion from the world of science to the freedom to experiment with new ideas and forms (and to discard unworkable ones) that is a distinguishing characteristic of the market. Through conjecture and refutation in the realm of economics, we achieve a rising level of economic satisfaction; similar progress cannot be attained in a directed economy, where such diversity of approaches is forbidden. Like Friedman, empiricist Pirie, with his distaste for metaphysics, will occasionally anger orthodox conservatives; but he more than compensates with his cogent thought and lucid writing.

Postscript. Some months ago I gave a highly merited rave review to Peter Braestrup's *Big Story*, which recounts the sad mishandling of the Tet offensive of 1968, when the major media turned a defeat for North Vietnam into a propaganda victory for the Communists. My only complaint about the hard-cover edition of the book was its great expense ($50 for a two-volume set), which no doubt restricted its original readership. Now, I am happy to report, *Big Story* is available in a much less expensive paperback format from Anchor Books ($8.95). And though this is an abridged edition, all the essential components of Braestrup's overwhelming documentation are included.

—M. STANTON EVANS

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[ROBERT T.] DONNELLY:

National Defense:

The attitude of our lawmakers concerning national defense appears to be not unlike that displayed by a banker who scraps his expensive burglar-alarm system, saying it's a waste of money because no one has tried to rob the bank since it was put in. (Title supplied.) (From letter to *United States News.*)

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MARTIN

(Continued from page 1082)

of his painful osteoarthritis but of the ineradicable bitterness that filled his last days. And often, when he smiled, his smile was merely a brave substitute for breaking into tears. For he found it intolerable to have to ask for loyalty as a favor and to hope for obedience to his wishes as an unexpected happenstance. In the slow, inexorable shipwreck of his health, he found that the events of his pontificate had filled his memory with a quality of pain he could share with no man. So, in humanistic terms, his dying was a release. In terms of his Catholic piety, he died in early August so that, purified, he could be at home forever in the consolation of Heaven for the feast-day of Mary's Assumption. □

BRIEFS

(Continued from page 1098)

lic interest. Let us grant that there is much to criticize in the prevalent forms of commercial mendacity; but when Barnouw indicts Madison Avenue for a long list of socio-politico-economic maladies, his thesis begins to groan beneath the burden of ideological overkill. P. T. Barnum aptly observed that no one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American public. Barnouw has apparently never noticed that, stupid and embarrassing as the commercials are, the prime-time shows are even worse.

ALAN L. MILLER

THE GEOPOLITICS OF THE NUCLEAR ERA: *Heartland, Rimlands, and the Technological Revolution, by Colin S. Gray (Crane, Russak, 70 pp., $6.50; paperback, $2.95).* The term "geopolitics" often carries negative connotations for readers whose memories go back to the Thirties and Forties. Such impressions are not entirely subjective, but they may obscure the fact that a geopolitical approach in the hands of a balanced and keen-minded practitioner like Colin Gray affords a superb method for the study of present Western security problems in the face of increasing Soviet power. Indeed, Gray's entire approach to international relations today stands in refreshing contrast to that of most academics in the field, who seem forever preoccupied with wearying trivialities, to the neglect of substantive problems of the world power balance. Inspired by the insights of men like Halford Mackinder and Nicholas Spykman, he writes forthrightly of the realities of power in a global context and is unafraid of critics who might dismiss his work as Cold War-riorism. His third chapter, on "Geopolitics and Soviet Power," is the best brief treatment of its kind that this reviewer has anywhere encountered; it throws a clear light upon the wellsprings of Soviet policy. If one were asked to recommend a text for the study of international relations, this would be it: a closely reasoned, tough-minded, and realistic analysis of the contemporary world balance of power—and a bargain many times over at the modest price asked.

MICHAEL CONNORS

ON MOUNTAINS: *Thinking about Terrain, by John Jerome (Harcourt, 262 pp., $8.95).* In *Truck*, John Jerome brought his wit and smooth prose to the reconstruction of a decrepit Dodge pickup. It was both a technical and a philosophical joyride, and it worked. Now, in *On Mountains*, Jerome attempts to blend more facts with philosophy, this time on the subject of nature's landscape. It is a noble effort, but not completely successful. Jerome approaches mountains—terrain—from several perspectives: as skier, amateur climber, geologist, explorer, meteorologist. His prose is nimble and clear, but it needs to be: he has thousands of facts and theories to explain. In the end, they overwhelm the metaphysics. One senses that there isn't that much philosophy to extract from mountains anyway. They are merely there, imposing, beautiful, heavenly creations to understand and marvel at. *On Mountains* at least helps us do both of those.

PAUL GIGOT

BY WHAT RIGHT?, *by Louis Lusky, (Michie, 446 pp., $15).* Already in its second printing, this jurisprudential blockbuster is a triple-dip irony. For one thing, the author is a certified liberal who thoroughly approves many of the results the Supreme Court Justices have brought to pass and asks only that they obey the law in the process. For another, the book began as a defense of the Warren Court, and shifted gears only when the Nixon appointees showed themselves, in the abortion case, to be as opportunistic, sophistical, and unprincipled in deviously amending the Constitution as their predecessors had ever been. The author denies that he is engaged in a polemical attack on the Supreme Court and judicial review, institutions he obviously reveres; in a compelling analogy (for his dissection of the content and consequences of recent decisions is scalpel-sharp), Lusky compares his own work to exploratory surgery. (He is obviously bracing himself for the counterattack.) But he accepts the risk that his observations may be used destructively, and that he will be seen as the coadjutor of those who might wish to do so.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Pope Paul, R I P

New York, Aug. 7—A British wag recently commented that he owned a most valuable copy of Edward Heath's book on sailing—"an uninscribed copy." I never met His Holiness Paul VI, the most accessible pope in history, surely, since Peter left off casting his net for fish, to do as much for human souls. But I have memories.

It was about six years ago, in Rome, on a cold, brilliant, windy day in March, at noon in St. Peter's Square, the crowds gathered to hear the Pontiff's regular three-minute homily delivered from the venerable balcony. The wind's unruliness caused the papal standard, draped down in front of the balcony, to blow up against Paul's face, repeatedly interfering with his reading of his notes, resisting human efforts to batten it down. The symbolism was providential, even if there was no providential intervention. The Pope, struggling against the turbulence within his own church, working tirelessly, but not with notable success, at once to maintain the deposit of the faith, to invigorate the spiritual impulse in man, and to accept some proposed innovations and reject others, in the attempt of the teacher, invested with total spiritual authority by his flock, to adapt the Church to irresistible modern changes.

And another memory. Thirteen years ago, the Pope became the second most famous Italian in history to discover America. All New York stopped. In due course, surrounded by cardinals and kings, the Pope entered the cathedral from the main entrance, walking up toward the altar. At first there was utter silence, during which my 12-year-old son leaned over to whisper to me, "Just think. From here, I could shoot him with a pistol!" As I was recovering from that logistical observation, suddenly the whole assembly burst into applause. In a lifetime, I had never before heard applause in church. It was applause for "the Pope," to be sure; but also it was applause for Paul. The undeniable benevolence, the glint of spirit, the austere seeking after peace and good will and corporal relief.

That night he conducted Mass at Yankee Stadium, causing Senator Humphrey a few weeks later at the Al Smith Dinner in New York to comment that the Boston Red Sox were demanding equal time. The spectacle was moving beyond words, as he tendered communion to a half-dozen children of white, black, and Hispanic racial background. Again the symbol: Pope Paul was the great ecumenist, the Pope who embraced the Eastern Patriarch and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who received the Prime Minister of Israel, who talked regularly to Marxists, and who died, alas, with no visible signs of having had any impact during his lifetime. The tragic epitaph of Paul's reign is the half-filled American church on Sunday, and the forty thousand priests who put away their collars to take up secular concerns.

Perhaps it would have happened under any pontiff. Perhaps if the great Paul himself, the original Paul, had been the Bishop of Rome, the glacial movement of secularism would have moved as implacably against piety. Was it after all the Pope of Rome who was responsible for the fact that, in his day, the Supreme Court of the United States permitted *Hustler*, but forbade the Lord's prayer in the public schools?

Concerning at least one matter, the Pope indeed bears responsibility or—according as you look on it—deserves credit. It is not correct to say of him that his hunger for popularity caused him to go to any lengths. He knew, although he did not anticipate the full force of it, that his encyclical reiterating the disapproval of contraceptives would be unpopular, but he did it anyway. His most concrete capitulation, if indeed it was that—one is not privy to his private preferences in the matter—was in respect of the Roman liturgy. The liturgy is the common point of contact between the Catholic communicant and his Church. It is more than that, as suggested by the phrase, *lex orandi, lex credendi*: How we pray is how we believe. Before the new liturgy, the Mass was constructed around the proposition that one was there to commune with God, with the priest acting as mediator. After Vatican II, the Church launched into an orgy of vernacularization which so stresses intracongregational relations that an alien observer walks away with the impression that the highlight of the Mass comes when the priest signals the congregation to cohabit with one another. To pray during the gymnastic exercise of the modern Mass, athwart a vernacular prosody that belong in the Chamber of Literary Horrors, is an exercise in self-discipline achieved most easily by the blind and the deaf, to whom, pursuant to the promises in the Beatitudes, Pope Paul finally brought compensation.

But the stewards of the Lord are expected to do the best they can, and their judgments are not expected to be infallible, whatever one concedes in the matter of their sacred pronouncements concerning theological truths. No man ever tried harder than Pope Paul, nor ever earned more convincingly his safe passage from this vale of tears. □

GEORGE BUSH AND CHINA

New York, Aug. 15—The progressive collapse of Jimmy Carter stimulates the political, not to say the patriotic, appetite. And when last week George Bush spoke before the World Affairs Council in San Francisco, it was clear that the audience was listening to a candidate for President of the United States.

Concerning his formal qualifications, there is simply no question. It isn't widely known that when Jerry Ford ascended to the Presidency he worked out a point system to help him in the selection of a Vice President. At the top of the list, with most points after his name, was—George Bush. Nelson Rockefeller was nevertheless selected, for complicated but by no means inscrutable political reasons. However, the point system undoubtedly acknowledged the wide experience of George Bush, who is the other Elliot Richardson of the Republican Party. George Bush has managed, in his fairly young life, to serve as congressman, as United States Ambassador to the United Nations, as chairman of the Republican National Committee, and as representative of the United States Govern-

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ment to the People's Republic of China. Notwithstanding these qualifications, his principal asset is his genius for making friends. One would sooner look for the needle in the haystack than for someone who, having been exposed to Bush, dislikes him.

He spoke on the subject of the People's Republic of China, and what he said was mostly reassuring to those who believe that the United States must stand by its commitments to Taiwan.

Mr. Bush believes that we should get as close to China as we reasonably can. But he also believes that in order to get close to China, it is required that we behave in such a way as to be both feared and admired by China. Feared, in the sense of maintaining the military might necessary to prevail in any world confrontation. Admired, in the sense of a disposition to use that might in the national interest. History has obliged us, for the time being, by merging our national interest with that of China—insofar as the Soviet Union is concerned.

BUT NOT insofar as Taiwan is concerned. Here George Bush is unequivocal. The three conditions of normalization—that we withdraw our representative from Taiwan, withdraw our remaining troops, and renounce our defense treaty—are intolerable, and yet in one sense providential. The paradox is explained as simply as this: Provided we continue to appease the Communists by agreeing that Taiwan is a part of "China" (after all, East Germany is a part of "Germany"), our refusal actually to turn Taiwan over to China is accepted as testimony to our tough regard for our national interest. In asserting that interest, we earn the respect of the governors of China. Their emotional need is not for the occupation of Taiwan, but for an abstract recognition that the two are a single country. This happens also to be the view of the Republic of China in Taiwan, so that there is no conflict there. Bush illustrated the intensity of the Chinese feeling in the matter by reciting the ritual reception given the athletes from the various provinces of China by the crowd at a sports event, contrasted with the standing ovation given to the Taiwanese delegation ("where they dug up Taiwanese athletes I cannot imagine").

The Bush line is a plausible exercise in Realpolitik. It would face a crisis only if Taiwan began to feel an isolation so intolerable as to impel it to do one of two things. Either approach the Soviet Union; or declare its independence. Either of these two measures would destabilize the delicate theoretical equilibrium. Neither is likely, and certainly neither is imminent.

Whether President Carter, with his addiction to ineptitude, will take measures to dissociate us from Taiwan in time to make this a major campaign issue is not clear. George Bush is among the Republican contenders ready for such a move. □

LETELIER AND PINOCHET

New York, Aug. 12—Concerning the indictments in the Letelier assassination case, a few observations:

1. The auspices of the assassination of Orlando Letelier are—barring a conspiracy so comprehensive as to defy the licensed limits of the imagination—on the record. It was a Chilean operation, period. That is to say, the idea of killing Letelier originated in Chile, in the government of General Pinochet.

2. General Pinochet, from the beginning, vociferously denounced the assassination of Letelier and insisted that his government had nothing to do with it. He was half right. If one calls Pinochet a dictator, which it is reasonable to do, then he is for all intents and purposes "the government." But there are highly reasonable, indeed compelling, grounds for doubting that Pinochet had anything to do with the assassination; indeed, that he knew anything about it. When the president of Venezuela indirectly accused Chile of responsibility for the crime, Pinochet publicly accused his Venezuelan counterpart of "*ligereza*," a disparagement only barely on the safe side of protocol in exchanges between chiefs of state. Pinochet is too crafty to have spoken so provocatively about the innocence of Chile if he had not believed it.

But most important, what we know about the killing of Letelier we know not merely thanks to the sleuthing of our FBI. There was a critical moment: when the United States Government requested Pinochet to extradite Michael Townley, an American citizen resident in Chile. Townley was ushered out of Chile—on Pinochet's instructions. Townley was indispensable to the case, having proved to be the only talkative link to Chile. The trigger man, Suarez, was the Gordon Liddy in the affair. Although he was promised immunity from prosecution, he clammed up and spent 11 months in jail in Florida, getting out only when the grand jury's life expired. Now he is a fugitive from justice. It was certainly a cosmopolitan enterprise. The man who planted the bomb was an American. The man who detonated the bomb was a Cuban. The men who initiated the enterprise were Chilean.

3. What is General Pinochet now expected to do? It will come as something of a shock to many Americans that the Chilean judiciary is by no means entirely a creature of Pinochet, notwithstanding that Pinochet can in most situations be called "the government" of Chile.

The United States Government has requested Chile to extradite the three relevant Chileans, including a former head of the Chilean intelligence agency, DINA. Now, the probability that any government anywhere would permit the extradition to another country of the present or former head of its intelligence agency is, quite simply, remote. I doubt that we would extradite Admiral Turner to, say, Mexico, even if he were held responsible for the eruption of Popocatepetl.

But the political question aside, there is a serious legal question. Under the relevant treaty, which dates back to 1900, a Chilean is extraditable for the offense of murder, but not if the act was "political." Clearly the murder of Letelier was political. But the non-discriminatory Townley planted a bomb that murdered not only Letelier, who was driving the car, but his American secretary sitting in the front seat. The U.S. could ask to apply the provisions of the 1900 treaty against the conspirators on the grounds of the murder of the non-political partner. But here there are supplementary complications, because a conspiracy to commit a crime, as distinguished from the commission of a crime, is not illegal in Chile.

WHAT WE ARE saying is that extradition, in the circumstances, cannot either be predicted, or even demanded with any confidence. What, then, can General Pinochet do to enhance his credibility, and to atone for the gruesome crime authorized by his associates?

4. Pinochet has put the three defendants under military detention. Surely a satisfactory solution would be to try them in Chile, and—if they are found guilty—to mete out the maximum penalty. This would presumably require the cooperation of Michael Townley. This could be arranged—the suggestion is serious—by television. That is to say, he could give his testimony (he is fluent in Spanish) before the military court and submit to cross-examination by the attorneys for the defense, and a conclusion could be reached, without the unmanageable logistical problem involved in trying to get Townley safely into Chile and out.

General Pinochet has domestic problems, to be sure. But if he desires that the outside world should take seriously his previous statements about his determination to help track down the killers of Letelier, he has now the opportunity to prove his sincerity. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Any numerous arachnids of the order Pedipalpi
7 89 96 29 36 103 108 137 160 223 / 233 151

B. Any eight-armed member of the order or suborder that includes, among other things, paper nautiluses
19 235 117 135 170 140 101

C. What a henpecked husband would be if his wife chased him
30 164 189 47 130 252 1 14 83 110 / 116

D. Any of the glandlike masses of tissue in the lymphatic vessels containing cells that become lymphocytes
134 53 40 82 190 5 143 154 272 32

E. A type of hands, according to the ads
152 147 219 200 118 9 69

F. The street that leads to destruction, according to Matthew
208 10 180 275 253 254 244 238

G. An exterior side elevation of a vessel, showing all deck structures, rigging, etc.
213 48 50 142 28 150 161 173 185 207 / 216 231 95 236 12

H. The zip code for Toms River, N.J.
217 97 168 169 26

I. A university in Ohio
88 2 25 35 66 77 81 41 45

J. A group of American painters of the early 20th century
221 105 158 126 144 155 177 204 42 259 / 265 276

K. A federal program that helped to make housing scarce during WW II
232 186 198 270 145 162 240 274 4 31 / 256

L. Where the subject of the quotation was on the faculty
243 33 79 146 115 132 141 159 203 224 / 230 269 86 104 136 176 184

M. Shameless
64 109 18 271 16 201 226 120

N. One who can prove his membership in the party
71 46 107 218 165 193 212 245 124 191 / 264

O. What Koufax was
127 6 37 49 51 55 65 85 90 93

P. Incited
94 149 225 210 262

Q. When the teams don't play
100 211 60 163 121 197

R. Town in Clark County, Ohio
148 3 13 22 220 247 251 234 44 67 / 72 131

S. Buy these to make money in the market
248 99 119 215 70 23 113 182 268 8 / 277 138

T. Unscramble CHROME BEACH
229 267 183 39 175 111 206 214 258 52 / 179

U. An empire that lasted for 600 years
27 122 199 62 266 255 125

V. The Amateur Cracksman
38 239 73 178 257 166 278

W. Nickname of a painter who became a centenarian
57 20 237 84 129 63 260

X. Attempts
112 74 263 123 171 202 242

Y. What the hair of a woman sailor might be
114 68 222 157

Z. An eating place where people go to drink
153 80 106 133 58 75 196 139 172 98

a. An appendix to a book
188 156 167 76 56 194 174 91

b. A river in Ontario
261 249 273 246 78 192

c. An electrical apparatus used in the home
11 15 34 102 128 181 187 209 21 24 / 87 43 54

d. A small whirlpool
17 59 241 228

e. *Dashed violently against*
61 92 250 205 195 227

DIRECTIONS

The object of the TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, *black boxes indicating the ends of* words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.
Note: Bold black lines instead of boxes indicate the ends of words for this puzzle only.

See page 1100 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 C	2 I	3 R	4 K	5 D	6 O	7 A	8 S	9 E	10 F	11 c	12 G	13 R	14 C	15 c	16 M	17 d	18 M	19 B
20 W	21 c	22 R	23 S	24 c	25 I	26 H	27 U	28 G	29 A	30 C	31 K	32 D	33 L	34 c	35 I	36 A	37 O	38 V	39 T
40 D	41 I	42 J	43 c	44 R	45 I	46 N	47 C	48 G	49 O	50 G	51 O	52 T	53 D	54 c	55 O	56 a	57 W	58 Z	59 d
60 Q	61 e	62 U	63 W	64 M	65 O	66 I	67 R	68 Y	69 E	70 S	71 N	72 R	73 V	74 X	75 Z	76 a	77 I	78 b	79 L
80 Z	81 I	82 D	83 C	84 W	85 O	86 L	87 c	88 I	89 A	90 O	91 a	92 e	93 O	94 P	95 G	96 A	97 H	98 Z	99 S
100Q	101B	102c	103A	104L	105J	106Z	107N	108A	109M	110C	111T	112X	113S	114Y	115L	116C	117B	118E	119S
120M	121Q	122U	123X	124N	125U	126J	127O	128c	129W	130C	131R	132L	133Z	134D	135B	136L	137A	138S	139Z
140B	141L	142G	143D	144J	145K	146L	147E	148R	149P	150G	151A	152E	153Z	154D	155J	156a	157Y	158J	159L
160A	161G	162K	163Q	164C	165N	166V	167a	168H	169H	170B	171X	172Z	173G	174a	175T	176L	177J	178V	179T
180F	181c	182S	183T	184L	185G	186K	187c	188a	189C	190D	191N	192b	193N	194a	195e	196Z	197Q	198K	199U
200E	201M	202X	203L	204J	205e	206T	207G	208F	209c	210P	211Q	212N	213G	214T	215S	216G	217H	218N	219E
220R	221J	222Y	223A	224L	225P	226M	227e	228d	229T	230L	231G	232K	233A	234R	235B	236G	237W	238F	239V
240K	241d	242X	243L	244F	245N	246b	247R	248S	249b	250e	251R	252C	253F	254F	255U	256K	257V	258T	259J
260W	261b	262P	263X	264N	265J	266U	267T	268S	269L	270K	271M	272D	273b	274K	275F	276J	277S	278V	

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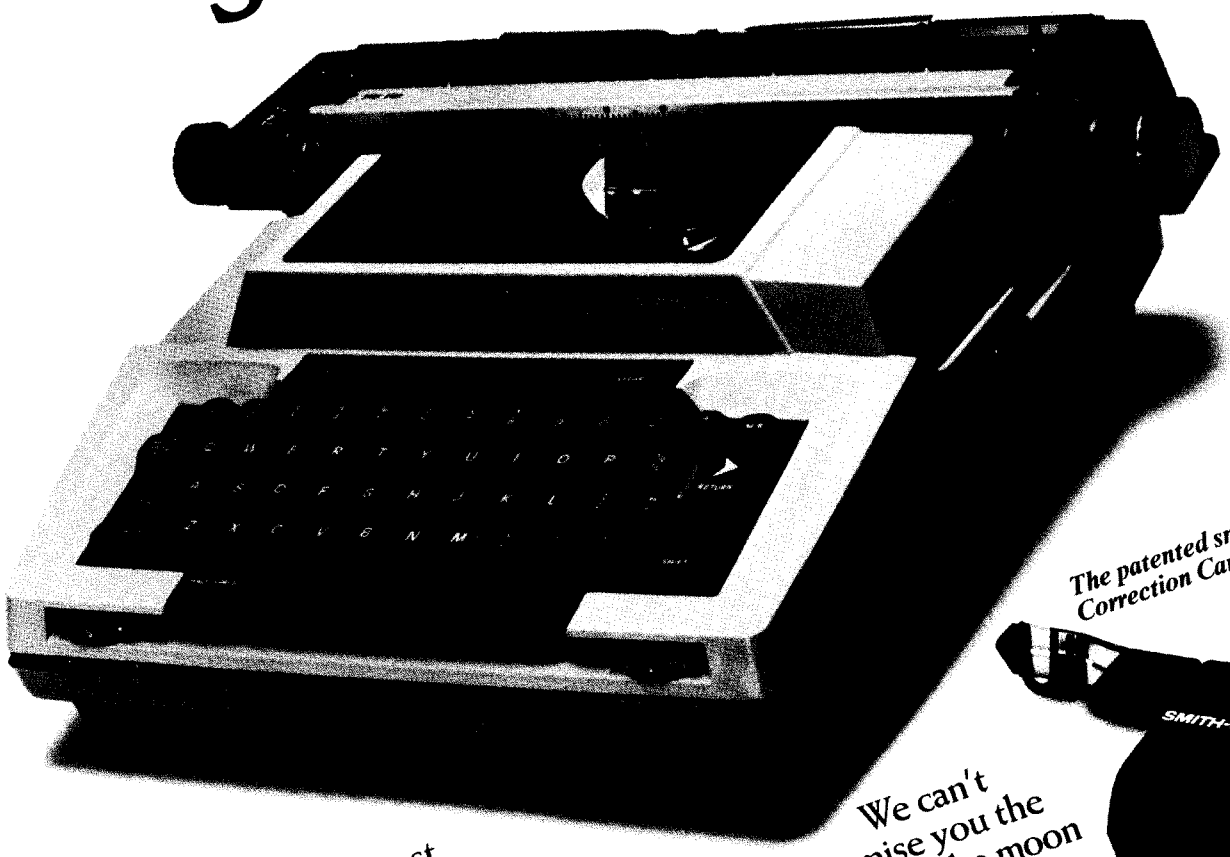

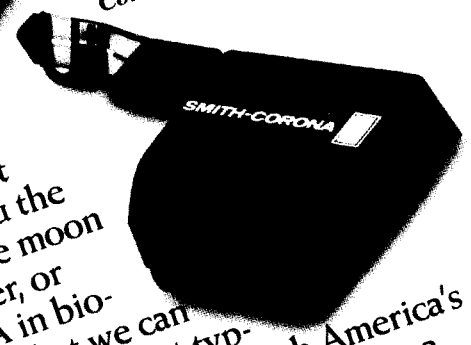

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The following comparisons are based on latest U.S. Government figures for tar and nicotine.

Box or Menthol:

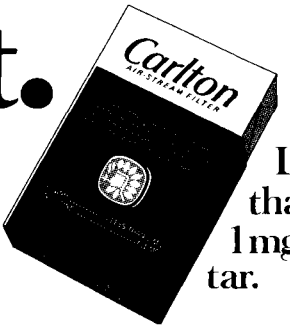
10 Carltons have less tar than 1:

Of all brands, lowest Carlton Box...
less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.05 mg. nicotine.

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Camel Filter	19	1.3
Doral	12	0.9
Doral Menthol	12	0.8
Kent	12	0.9
Kent Golden Lights	8	0.7
Kent Golden Lights Menthol	9	0.7
Kool Milds	14	0.9
L&M	17	1.0
L&M Lights	7	0.6
Lark	17	1.1
Marlboro	17	1.0
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Marlboro Menthol	14	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Merit Menthol	8	0.6
Multifilter	13	0.8
Newport	18	1.3
Parliament	9	0.6
Raleigh	16	1.0
Real	9	0.7
Real Menthol	8	0.6
Salem	16	1.1
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage Menthol	11	0.8
Viceroy	16	1.1
Viceroy Extra Mild	11	0.8
Winston	20	1.3
Winston Lights	13	0.9

Carlton is lowest.

For results from the latest U.S. Government Report send to
American Tobacco, P.O. Box 4165, Westbury, N.Y. 11592



Less than 1 mg. tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

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